

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 13, 1966 60 CENTS

THE WILD SOUTHEAST

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freshen up





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Next week

THE EYES OF TEXAS are snuck on Oklahoma as the Longhorns and Sooners collide in a battle of top-ranked teams. Dan Jenkins covers one of football's traditional rivals.

THE SERIES AT LAST. In its 100th year and with a new formula, baseball begins its final showdown later than ever. A story about the men who got there, and what they did.

A BUMPER CROP of rookies is blossoming in both pro football leagues. A color portfolio of the most promising and Cal Hill's account of the long jump from Yale to Dallas.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Football players inevitably look down on Mylon Cope, who stands 5' 5" in basketball socks. Nevertheless, Cope has unabashedly hung around with the pag-skin set off and on for 20 years. Bobby Layne, for one, used to invite Cope to join him for a drink at Dante's, a Pittsburgh watering spot favored by the Steelers, and then devote the evening to impassioned diatribes against sports-writers. And Cope, no pussy, learned



COPE AND OLD PRO FRIEND ART ROONEY

to fend for himself. With this background in mind, early last winter STEVE'S LEFT SERVANT sent Cope off on an assignment that took him 20,000 miles around the country and into the lives of 35 famous old pro football figures. The result of his travels was a few miles of used recording tape, a book,

I Was Different Later, to be published by World in 1970 and the two-part series, *The Game That Was*, that begins on page 36.

Author Cope is enthusiastic about the months he spent in travel and talk, and only slightly less stimulated by some of the travail encountered along the way. There was the bar, he recalls, in Sweetwater, Texas where a husky belligerent in a ten-gallon hat heard Cope say he had just visited Sammy Baugh. He demanded to see Cope's credentials, and then studied the proffered press card in cold silence. "I had the feeling," says Cope, "that I was about

to play the role of the television Laramie dude who wanders into an outlaw hideaway town, there to come to a violent end." And in Louisville, Cope met 77-year-old Indian Joe Guyon, who was in his football prime about 1919 but is still ready and eager to do sporting battle. "You just run at me, boy," challenged Guyon, "and I'll floor you."

There were some wistful moments, too. In Willow River, Minn, a bartender had never heard of the famed Ernie Nevers, who was born there. "Well," sighed Johnny Blood, the memorable halfback who had accompanied Cope to the small town, "50 years from now they won't know in Beaver Falls who Joe Namath was."

At least one old pro, Dutch Clark, was apprehensive lest his earthy comments be transcribed by a delicate secretary. Cope decided a white he would help, and eased Clark's mind with "My typist swears like a sailor herself." This was apparently too much for the demure mother of four who transcribed the tape. She inserted into the manuscript a comment of her own: "Good damnit, Mylon, why would you say such a thing about me?"

The press apparently enjoyed their trip into the past as much as the author. Convinced, "sums up" Cope, who he is getting to be an old pro himself, that these men took from pro football a strength of character and a sense of humor that probably will escape most of today's players. Life was a struggle, and from that struggle they acquired not only a good deal of iron but the good-humored recognition that they were, for all their athletic talent, insignificant occupants on the face of the earth."

This is the mood, and part of the pleasure, of *The Game That Was*.

Gary Ball

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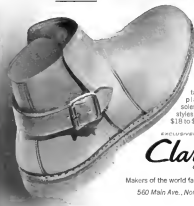
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BOOKTALK

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It seems only right in this year of baseball's renaissance that *The Baseball Encyclopedia* (Macmillan and Information Concepts Inc., \$25) should appear. While it is not the first such work—for example, A. S. Barnes published *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball* in 1951 and has revised it four times since—the new book is an extraordinary advance over the old. Neither is a true encyclopedia, of course. Like the older book, *The Baseball Encyclopedia* is simply (or complicatedly) a compendium of statistics and a register of players. It does include a few bits of explanatory prose, but basically it is statistics, figures, numbers of debuts—just the thing to stir the juices in a land searced on batting averages, LRAs and all the all-important lost columns.

And that is precisely what is so engrossing about the book: its detail, its magnificent detail. The old encyclopedia (1678 pages) gave only a bare outline of each player's major league record. The new book (2,317 pages) adds at bats, hits, runs, doubles, triples, home runs, runs batted in, bases on balls, strikeouts, stolen bases, slugging average and—a couple of exoteric flippies—at bats and hits as a pinch hitter and home run "percentage," the latter an unfamiliar figure that ranges from the 0.2% of Emil Verban the year he hit his only major league homer (a Chinese shot to right field in the Polo Grounds) to Babe Ruth's 11.8% in 1920. Pitching statistics are equally detailed, and batting figures for pitchers are included, a most welcome luxury. You can learn that Walter Johnson hit 43% in 1925 while winning 20 games, and that Bob Ruif's lifetime batting average was .099 and his lifetime slugging average .041, the difference being the two doubles Ruif hit in 1956, the only extra base hits he had in 15 years in the majors.

Despite its rich lode of material, it must be reported that some purists are outraged at *The Baseball Encyclopedia* for the way it has altered a few time-honored records. This happened because the editors used current record-keeping procedures to adjust ancient hits scores. In applying such criteria, the editors, for example, dogmatically took six wins away from the 773 that Christy Mathewson has been legitimately credited with for more than half a century. This is illogical, historically invalid and personally upsetting to Christy Mathewson fans.

For this and the usual run-of-the-mill mistakes that could they call Lou Johnson Stuck when his nickname was Sweet Lou? the editors deserve censure. For the rest, nothing but praise. Did you know that there has been only one major-leaguer named Creamer, and that he changed his name?

—ROBERT CREAMER



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P.S. We don't like to admit it, but Tom and Mary Ellen would rather play golf than read The Digest. But night must fall. "By the end of the month," Tom reports, "our Digest is the most dog-eared, clipped and thoroughly read magazine in our home."

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SHOPWALK

An urban residence in central London is actually a shop for mountaineers

Edward Lear wrote his nonsense rhymes at No. 30 Seymour Street, London W 1, just behind the Marble Arch—or Tyburn that was close by, at No. 54, a brass plate admits ROBERT LAWRIE LTD. (LATE OF BURNLEY), ALPINE EQUIPMENT SPECIALIST. A subtitle announces a complicated set of business hours and, were it not for these two quiet signs, there would be no indication whatever that the dignified London terrace house conceals a thriving mountaineering equipment shop run by the triumvirate of Mr. Lawrie and his wife Ursula with their Yorkshire-born secretary, Miss Elsie Lane.

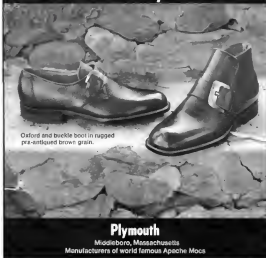
The shopper rings the bell, and the door is opened to a hallway with a club-type letter rack holding picture-postcard views of mountains, snow, rocks and lakes. A room to the left of the hall is the shop itself, and even there, among the parkas, crampons, climbing ropes and stacks of boots, the quiet clubby atmosphere persists—or would were it not for the staccato bell ringing as climbers wander in to kit out for some far-off peak. Such constant interruption makes conversation difficult, yet the management trio and their assistants remain calm, courteous, cool and unfussed. Certainly more of a club than a shop, but business is business.

Robert Lawrie, 65, tall, beaming benignly and talks with increasing enthusiasm about mountaineering in the soft, flatish tones of Lancashire where he was born and inherited his father's boot and shoe factory. A limp, he explains, comes from an automobile accident when he was on a holiday in France two years back—"French trees are just as hard as any other trees." The accident has temporarily put an end to climbing, but the company of mountaineers and customers seems to compensate.

As a schoolboy Lawrie "enjoyed wandering about in the hills" of the Lake District, traditional nursery for future climbers, and then, after he had gathered enough experience, to the Pyrenees and Alps. In those days the kind of boots worn, heavy shepherd's boots, proved uncomfortable and inadequate, so Lawrie went ahead and made some for himself and his companions. Despite the "accidental sort of start" Lawrie emphasizes that the boot design was far from accidental. Word of the new boot and its excellent qualities quickly came to the notice of the 1933 Everest expedition led by Hugh Rutledge. In his subsequent account of the expedition, Rutledge wrote, "Few of the men who have experienced frostbite on their toes or on the soles of their feet" would not appreciate the importance of a well-insulated boot. The order, for some

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SNOWWALK continued

20 pairs for the members and a further 50 for the Sherpa porters, was sufficient to establish Lawrie, not only as a first-class maker of high-altitude boots, but as his comfortable London house "Burnley," he says nostalgically, "was not well-placed for this kind of thing."

There were further meetings, further requests and business transacted. One reminder of those days is a pair of size 15 boots made for Dr. Raymond Greene, a Harley Street physician and 6' 6" brother of Graham Greene, who took part in the '33 Everest climb. The boots are beauties, works of art, and Lawrie points out how the nails were all filed by hand, both to give a grip and to save a vital few grams in weight. But he is careful to add that boots of that sort are not made to last. They are made to be worn immediately and for one expedition only—"They won't be forever"—he warns.

As for price of the boots, Lawrie allows a 10% discount for bulk buying on hand-made boots costing between £17 and £30 (£40 to \$75), but he also sells them "off the peg" (ready-made) for between £80 and £20 (£524 and \$48). Even though boots are the basis of the business, all the paraphernalia of mountaineering is also for sale in the shop and, just to help out, the Lawries provide maps of most of the popular climbing areas and free advice. In fact, advice is an important part of every transaction, and they keep closely in touch with the rarefied world of mountaineering.

During World War II, Lawrie shut up shop in London and moved to an army camp in the North where he made boots for the parade ground. It was there at Newark, Nottinghamshire that a strange party of three captains and two majors led by a sergeant major in the Norwegian army turned up to be fitted out with specially-made boots designed for skiing and walking. A stipulation in the manufacture was that the boots must show no signs by which their origin could be traced, and this meant using materials— even nails—which could not be identified. Lawrie himself was sworn to secrecy but he often wondered what became of the Norwegian group and their sergeant major.

It was not until after the war had ended that he learned the party who needed the special boots had destroyed the German heavy-water plant in central Norway, putting an end to plans for a Nazi atomic bomb. The sergeant major, now promoted officer, turned up at Newark with a thank-you letter for Lawrie from the Norwegian government. This letter, together with numerous wood carvings, flags and ice axes, forms the Lawries' own private collection of mementos of a full and happy life in the world of mountaineering.

—GORDON P. O'BRIEN

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2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt inflated over head.



3. You remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist is already flat, tighter and trimmer. Many others have lost an inch or more the very first day.

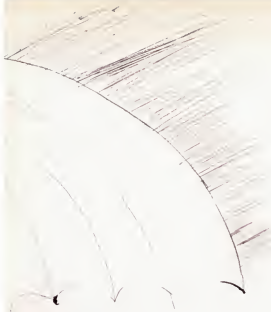
HOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body makeup is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have lost as many inches as you desire. After that you can keep your waistline where you want it by using the belt about twice a month. Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this magic belt. The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt, remember this: You must lose from 1 to 3 inches from your waistline in just 3 days or you may return the belt and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

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ROMAN HOLIDAY

Hockey is booming—right now. It maintains an extremely high level of popularity in its old traditional bastions and at the same time wins new followers almost everywhere it goes, even in areas where natural ice is totally alien. It seems a shame, then, that even as it widens its appeal hockey may very well be sowing the seeds of its own decline by condoning the mob-scene brawls and super roughness (page 34) that clutter up the ice in too many games.

Agreed, hockey is a hard, aggressive, body-contact sport, and no one expects or wants that to change. But toughness and drive and occasional flareups are one thing; deliberate brutality and hate-royals are quite another. Only a few days after Ted Green, the "bad boy" of the Boston Bruins, had his skull fractured in a stick fight in an exhibition game, the New York Rangers and the Toronto Maple Leafs interrupted their game with another of those tedious mass fights, with officials clawing ineffectually at the participants like the clown referees in professional wrestling.

If the men who run hockey feel that it is desirable to have their sport degenerate to the level of wrestling and Roller Derby, that's their business. But it isn't good business—not in the long run.

SPIKERITIS

A small but cheerful part of football practice at the University of Kansas a year ago was devoted to perfecting the technique of spiking the ball (hurling it to the ground point down) after a touchdown. Pepper Rodgers, Kansas' ebullient coach, called it "the old spikeritis" and was delighted to see his players do it 53 times during the season. But this year a new NCAA rule specifically forbids such post-touchdown displays as spiking the ball, tossing it into the air, kicking it or arching it into the stands. The rule is intended to speed up the game (a player must "return the ball to an official immediately") as well as to

save money by keeping foothalls from being lofted into the stands.

Pepper Rodgers doesn't like the new rule. He goes along with the part that is against the practice of tossing the ball to the spectators, but as for stopping the old spikeritis, Rodgers says, "It's one more example of how adults react when kids find a way to have a little fun. They take it away from them."

TWO BITS AND 5300

Red Rush, one of the Chicago White Sox broadcasters, has finished the season undefeated—and reher by approximately 500 cigars. Since 1959 Rush has been playing a game with athletes. He holds his hand out, palm up, puts a quarter on it and gives his opponent five chances to snatch the coin before he, Rush, can make a fist. Then the roles are reversed and Rush tries to grab the quarter from his rival's hand. Rush's



usual bet is a \$300 suit against a cigar that he can grab the quarter more times than his opponent can. In 10 years he has lost only once, to Elgin Baylor (Rush also broadcasts basketball games). "Luckily," he recalls, "that day we only bet a cigar against a sandwich."

The closest he came to losing this year was to Ken Harrelson. The Hawk twice snatched the quarter, but Rush rallied

in the clutch, took three from Harrelson and that was that.

Bowers, says Rush, show the slowest reflexes. Baseball players are faster, but basketball players are fastest. His two most formidable opponents over the years have been Baylor and Jerry West, while the best of the ballplayers is Harrelson. But none is as fast as Rush.

"I have a pretty good thing going," he says cheerfully. "Unless, of course, I have to shell out for a \$300 suit. But there really isn't any chance of that happening. No one alive can beat me."

POP TOP

Fishermen have known for some time that pop tops from beer and soft-drink cans have a fatal attraction for fish. Would-be conservationists who carefully keep empty cans in their boats until they can get ashore to a trash can blithely toss the shiny twists of metal overboard. As they slowly sink in the water, fish strike at them and then slowly die from the internal damage they suffer.

Concerned fishermen asked the pop-top manufacturers to see if they could do something about the problem, and the can companies were properly horrified. But not just about the fish. It seems that large amounts of money have already been spent to redesign the tops because, it was reported, thousands of law-abiding American citizens have discovered that the pop tops can be used in place of dimes in parking meters and other coin-slot devices.

STANG ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET

Edina High School annually has one of the best high school football teams in Minnesota, but because of a teacher boycott of extracurricular duties during a salary dispute the Edina team had no coaches before its game with St. Cloud Tech. Determined to play the game as scheduled, the principal of the school said he would act as coach and the athletic director would be his assistant. Half a dozen alumni volunteered to serve as spotters and sideline aides.

However, neither the "coach" nor the "assistant coach" took an active role—they let the boys run the game themselves—and when the eager alumni sent in plays they were generally ignored. "We said we didn't want them," declared Co-captain Bruce Carlson. He and Co-captain Dennis Boyle ran things, and to the consternation of football tradi-

continued

PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS



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tains a pre-set temperature automatically). Of course, we offer the expected, too. Such as adjustable steering columns and 6-way power seats.

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Colt 45

MALT LIQUOR

Gourmet Recipes



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Colt45

MALT LIQUOR

Gourmet Recipes

Colt 45 French Fries

Peel potatoes. Cut potatoes. Fry potatoes. Remove from grease. Drain on open copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Colt 45 Grilled Cheese

Put cheese sandwich under hot lights in dingy room. Have detective ask it embarrassing questions until it is properly grilled.

Colt 45 Baked Potato

Wrap in aluminum foil. Place in front of TV screen. Ultra-violent rays will cook.

Colt 45 Hamburger

Roll ground beef into size of official American League baseball. Without putting fingers to mouth, hurl against wall until flat. Cook.

Colt 45 Hot Dogs

Get pot. Approach cold water with pot in right hand. Turn on. Fill pot half way. Put hot dogs in pot. Cook.

Colt 45 Ocean Delight

Buy can of sardines. Remove key from can. Insert little do-hickey on side of can into slot in key. Turn gently until you reveal sardines. Swallow sardine and follow with healthy swig of America's No. 1 Malt Liquor. . . . Colt 45.

SCORECARD restaurant

nomalists ran them rather well. Edina clobbered St. Cloud 22-7.

"People at school were saying we couldn't possibly win without coaches," Carlson said afterward. "For a while, we believed it ourselves."

Of course, when the boycott ended and the teachers resumed their extracurricular assignments, Edina went right on winning—five straight at last report—despite the handicap of coaches.

ROOM WITH A PREW

The name sounds awfully suspicious, smacking of turnip salads and stuff like that, but all vigorous sportsmen will be cheered to hear about the Villa Vegetariana Health Resort in Cuernavaca, Mexico. The new policy, Owner David Stry announced last week, is to fine guests \$50 if they are caught smoking on the premises. "Clean fresh air is becoming a rare commodity these days," Stry claims, "and our resort is making an all-out effort to give our guests pure air." And then, well, because such things as bookings must be considered, he added one way to beat the \$50 rap: tobacco chewers and snuff-dippers are exempt, Stry said, "because they are only poisoning themselves and not others."

OLYMPIC THEME

The first reports of pre-Olympic trouble have started coming out of Munich, which is par for the course (you can't have an Olympics without the prospect of imminent disaster). Original estimates of the cost to get ready for the 1972 Games have more than doubled. The elaborate tentlike roof that will cover a good part of the Olympic site has been the subject of controversy. The number of hotel rooms cannot possibly accommodate all of the anticipated two million visitors. Construction is said to be running three months behind schedule, and there were rumors that Munich faced bankruptcy.

Harassed Olympic officials grant that costs (particularly for the roof, of which they are very proud) have been much higher than anticipated, but they flatly deny the bankruptcy rumors. They also declare that the building schedule, far from being three months behind, is either exactly on time or, in most instances, ahead of schedule. And the hotel-room shortage is not a serious problem, they claim, since new suburban rapid-transit lines will allow visitors to make use of the vast hotel and room-

ing facilities that exist outside Munich.

The officials add, with a pride in German efficiency they had previously kept under wraps, that a comparison with three previous Olympic cities—Rome, Tokyo and Mexico City—shows that Munich is further advanced at this point than any of those were.

BUSY SEASON

The 45-bed Memorial Hospital in North Conway, N.H., is plenty big enough to handle medical traffic in this small and relatively isolated community in the White Mountains—for eight months of the year. But during the other four—the skiing season—it's all but wiped out. Last winter, for example, Memorial handled more than 1,400 skiers with fractures, sprains and other difficulties and, like every other overcrowded hospital, found itself desperately short of nurses.

To ease that situation this winter, Memorial is trying to attract nurses to its staff. RNs who sign on full time will be given free weekday skiing privileges at nearby slopes. As Brenda Black, director of nursing, says, "We work hard here, but we play a lot, too."

Memorial's scheme may work, but it could backfire. We can't get rid of this vision of a nurse, just back from the slopes, making her rounds on crutches, one of her own ankles in a cast.

SPARTAN LIFE

Things have quieted down a little at Spartan Stadium in East Lansing, Mich., where Michigan State plays its home games. Last year the student newspaper, *State News*, printed a page of pictures showing football fans drinking in the stadium parking lot before a game despite a university ordinance against possessing or consuming liquor on campus. The paper complained that the campus police enforced the liquor ban rigorously where students were involved but ignored alumni and others of the older set.

So, at Michigan State's first home game this year, the campus police moved in. It used to be that a spectator had to be obviously drunk before he was arrested. But this time 17 male fans, ranging in age from 25 to 40, were arrested simply for violating the no-booze ordinance—and more than \$200 worth of liquor was confiscated.

So far there has been relatively little outspoken reaction to the new crack-down, and ticket sales don't seem to

continued



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SCORECARD

have been affected at all. And while flagrant displays of liquor will continue to bring police reaction, discreet drinking still flourishes. One campus policeman explained, "The guy who drinks from a vacuum jug and doesn't get loud doesn't have to worry."

SNOW JOB

Alfie Pike, veteran coach of the Phoenix Roadrunners of the Western Hockey League, figured that during his long career he had run into about every problem a coach could possibly face—until Ted Snell came along. Phoenix drafted Snell off the roster of the Hershey Bears of the American Hockey League in June 1968, and he played 54 games with the Roadrunners during the 1968-69 season. But he wasn't happy in Arizona, and finally he was sent back to Hershey on loan. Snell, happy again, helped the Bears win the AHL championship and even went so far as to get married. But he was still Phoenix property, and this summer he dutifully reported to the Roadrunners' training camp in Canada. There he decided that he simply did not want to play for Phoenix anymore.

"I'm tired of seeing the sun every day of the year," he told the startled Pike. "I want to stay in the East where I can see the snow."

Pike tried to talk the player into coming out West anyway, but Snell was adamant. "No snow, no go" was the gist of his argument, and Pike finally gave up and reluctantly sold him outright to Hershey.

THEY SAID IT

- Jerry Mays, defensive captain of the Kansas City Chiefs, on his preference in football shoes: "I'd much prefer to wear high tops rather than low cuts, but my son won't let me. He says they make me look old fashioned."
- Charles Scott, North Carolina basketball star, whose anticipated bonus would shrink if the NBA and ABA settle their differences: "A merger will make law school a lot more appealing."
- Ray Morrison, 84-year-old former football coach at SMU, Vanderbilt, Temple and Austin College, after recalling incidents in close games that his teams had won: "I like to relish those games, but somehow I never replay games like the one in 1916 when I was coaching at SMU and Rice beat us 146-3."

END

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THE SEC CATCHES ON

Like the rest of the country, the Southeastern Conference has learned that defense is gone with the wind and that if you want to win you've got to have a passer and some boys who can catch and run

by PAT PUTNAM

Remember the South, the magnolias and mockingbirds and maddy roads, and the cane poles and odor of wood smoke and somewhere, far off, the baying of hound dogs, and those big iron-eyed Southeastern Conference football players who kicked the hawk out of a ball on third down and just dared someone to try and score? Ah, those great ante-bellum days of the 7-3 scores, when any barefooted kid out of Opelousas or Pontotoc or Tusculuma knew you could score five ways on defense. And that a six-point lead was better than a pond full of hungry catfish. But no more. Take, for instance, last week: Alabama and Ole Miss threw a combined 81 passes—and completed 55 of them, breaking an NCAA record—as Alabama won 33-32, which was just a little bit better. LSU scored 63 points, all by itself. Tennessee scored 55. Mississippi State lost by 74. Just like that, snap! the stubborn old SEC is swinging, and the music isn't *Grand Ole Opry*.

Yes, indeed, there's a wild new game in town, something called pitch and catch, and they are piling up the points so quickly it hardly pays to wave a Confederate flag at the enemy anymore. Just when you get your arm moving real good, the other guys have scored and are waving their flags right back. Last week, for instance, in eight games involving SEC teams, 472 points were scored. There hasn't been that much offense generated in the South since Sherman. When

the late General R. R. Neyland was coaching, for example, Tennessee only gave up 485 points—in 14 years. "Football is nothing more than a series of actions, mistakes and miscalculations," Neyland preached. "Punt and let your opposition make the mistakes. Most of them will feel that possession of the ball is to be desired above everything else. I disagree."

But today, with the wide-open offenses and the speed and wondrous throwing arms that make them work, possession of the ball, even in the SEC, is a necessity. Perhaps even Neyland would change his style if he could see some of the area's high-powered teams in action. The conference always has its share of winners, maybe more, but this season there are a whole bunch, with not a solid favorite for the championship in sight. There's Georgia (see cover), undefeated, sleek and polished, and still not at all convinced that defense is dead. There also is Tennessee and Alabama and they're undefeated, too, even if the Bear says his defenders are too small and too slow and it's damn inconsiderate for anyone to think that they can stop anybody from scoring at will. And there's LSU, a great tiger stalking in its mossy old coliseum, a team that has run up 140 points while giving up only 14. What's more, there's even Florida, which has never won the SEC title but which, like the others, is undefeated, too. Maybe, just maybe, this is a Gator year.

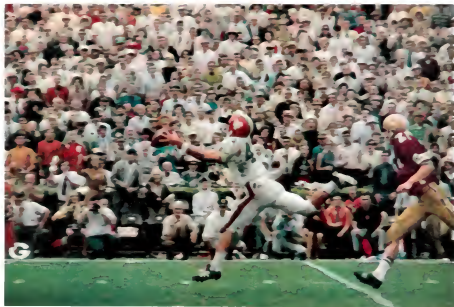
Some of the SEC's defeated teams look mighty tough, too. Mississippi, whom many people picked to win the title, is 1-2, but those two losses were by one point apiece. And Auburn, 2-1, has averaged 40 points a game, fourth best in the conference.

If anything so bold could be ventured at this early date, Georgia and LSU might be said to be running neck and neck ahead of the rest, because they have the best defenses. Or maybe the only defenses. Certainly they can both score. LSU has its 140 points, Georgia 106. But, then, 106 is only sixth best in the conference. What impresses most people is that Georgia blanked its first two opponents before being touched for 16 points by South Carolina last week, while LSU went in against Baylor leading the SEC by a wide margin in total defense (166.5 yards per game), a record the Bears did not disturb. Neither Georgia nor LSU has played an SEC rival, however, and that really is what it's all about.

Georgia opens its conference campaign Saturday against Ole Miss, and then, in order, must play Vanderbilt, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida and Auburn. It's as rugged a schedule as any of the unbeaten five must face, and if

continued

Scoring 1989 style, Florida's Carlos Alvarez outbunt a Florida State defender, makes a jumping catch and rolls into the end zone.





There have always been some aspects of football at Florida that needed no improvement.

Georgia comes out of that unscathed, certainly there won't be any cries of cheese champion. As good as the defense is, it will need all the scoring punch it can get from the likes of Quarterback Mike Cavan, who would rather run than throw, making him unique in this age, and from Vince Dooley's large squad of talented running backs—Bruce Kemp, Dennis Hughes, Craig Elrod and Julian Smiley. "Let me say this about Georgia," said South Carolina's Paul Dietzel last week. "It has a small but quick defensive line, but there's nothing small about that offensive line. It simply intimidates you by knocking you over and making room for Kemp and all those other big running backs."

LSU has one more nonconference foe left, Miami, before swinging into five straight SEC games, starting with Kentucky. The Tigers then have Auburn, Ole Miss and Alabama before tapering off against Mississippi State. Of the five, only Kentucky and Ole Miss will escape the Baton Rouge snake pit, and if LSU needs any kind of an edge, it needn't ask for more than that.

LSU used all of its 58 players against Baylor, including Andy Hamilton, a 6' 3" 175-pound sophomore split back who scored four touchdowns, tying a school record set in 1939 by Ken Kavanaugh and later matched by Johnny Robinson 11 years ago. "They sure have a lot more blue-chip athletes than us," moaned Baylor Coach Bill Beall when the slaughter was over.

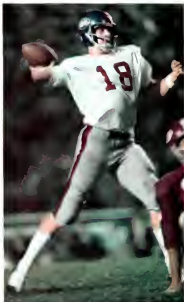
Just a shade, but no more than a shade, behind those two—and you can get a lot of argument here—are Florida, Tennessee and Alabama. In last week's victory over Florida State, the Gators came up with something that has eluded them thus far, a defense. And in the doing they uncovered yet another supersoph, Bob Harrell, a 6' 2" 221-pound defensive end, who helped stifle Florida State with a minus-18 yards rushing. That's a school record for Florida.

The Gators got to FSU Quarterback Bill Cappleman 11 times for a minus-91 yards, recovered five Florida State fumbles, intercepted three passes and blocked a field-goal attempt early in the game. Other than that they didn't do much. The offense, of course, was all John Reaves, who threw for two touchdowns, raising his three-game total of touchdown passes to 10. If the defense has indeed found itself after a two-game

continued



*However, sophomore passer John Reeves has made Florida a winner.
Auburn's Pat Sullivan, another sophomore, has seven touchdown passes.*



*Mississippi's Archie Manning was 22 for 52 against Alabama.
But 'Bama's Scott Hunter threw the one that beat Ole Miss 33-23.*





struggle—Florida gave up 69 points—and Reeves continues his assaults on other people's secondaries, the schedule could swing it all Florida's way. Certainly it's the easiest facing any of the top teams. The Gators already have beaten Mississippi State and now must play only Vanderbilt, Auburn, Georgia and Kentucky. Some easy schedule.

Alabama had another one of those nights, a striking offense led by Quarterback Scott Hunter, who broke three school offensive records, and not much defense. In fact, the Tide's defense was so bad that Ole Miss Quarterback Archie Manning broke four SEC offensive records and the Ole Miss team broke three more. You could have won a lot of money betting that no one would break seven SEC offensive records against a Bryant-coached team. Next Alabama faces Vanderbilt and then must still play Tennessee, Mississippi State, LSU and Auburn. That's asking a lot unless Bryant shores his defenses in a hurry.

Somehow no one is getting excited about Tennessee, which should please Doug Dickey. After all, they did whomp Auburn 45-19 two weeks ago, and then last Saturday night really turned it on against Memphis State 55-16. The most exciting moment for the Vols against Memphis State came in midweek before the game, when a fellow standing on the railroad tracks overlooking the MSU practice field was apprehended with a notebook containing Tiger defensive diagrams. Dickey denied that the man was a Vol scout and, while the incident was inflated in Memphis papers, it has now been deflated by the size of the score. Tennessee showed a well-balanced attack with eight players scoring. The Vols gained 239 yards rushing and 226 passing and that's about as balanced as you can get. Six of the scores came after pass interceptions (3) and fumble recoveries (3), and all were from inside the 35-yard line. Tennessee has a tough SEC schedule the rest of the way, facing Alabama, Georgia, Ole Miss and Kentucky on the road, before getting home to play Vanderbilt.

This wealth of good teams has Southerners bubbling with excitement, but then, they always are. With its small

towns tucked away out of casual reach, the SEC is unbelievably provincial. Fanatic loyalty, like the sword grandpappy wore at Vicksburg, is handed down through the generations. Down South—and it may be the last outpost—they still make gods of football players. At Ole Miss, they speak with pride of Placekicker Bob Klayat. Not for any football exploits, but because he dated both Lynda Lee Mead and Mary Ann Mobley, back-to-back Miss Americas. An NCAA record.

Football weekends are an endless series of cocktail parties—or just a bunch of good old boys sitting around sipping an endless stream of bourbon—and crowds are raucous. When you hear 80,000 people screaming for your blood, and meaning it, it can be a little eerie. Once, after escaping from Baton Rouge with his Georgia Tech team, Bobby Dodd said, "I know now I'd rather face the lions in the coliseum." But if you escape from Baton Rouge, there's still Doxford and Starkville and Athens and Tuscaloosa and Auburn and Gainesville. And they are all lions and coliseums, except maybe at Gainesville. No one worries about trips to Kentucky. It thinks it's in the South, but it isn't, and the fans at Vanderbilt and Kentucky are a gentler breed. Lately, so are the football teams.

Part of the charm of the SEC is its traffic problems. Most of the towns have one road in and one out, and madness in between. In Oxford, which quaintly approves hard liquor but bans beer, the fans of Ole Miss solve the problem of traffic by parking their cars and trading off to the student union. There they have been known to plunk their bottles of bourbon on the tables, often right under the eyes of the local police, who look the other way. The other gathering spot is the local Holiday Inn. Oxford was William Faulkner's town, and it's hard to tell whether the people there are proud of that or not. "That book that got him famous, *Sansarcus*, was one of the nastiest books you ever saw," says Tad Smith, the athletic director at Ole Miss. "Hell, we could tell his characters were taken right off those special trains that would go from here to Mississippi State for the game. He was a football fan."

The problem of traffic is not so complex in Athens, the home base of the Georgia Bulldogs, who can point with

pride to the city's find old antebellum homes. With a population of only 58,000, the city has 70 churches, which seems remarkable. There also are three houses of ill repute, none of them antebellum, but still, in their own fashion, quite historic. It was in Athens in 1929 that Georgia played Yale in what has become known as The Greatest Day in the History of Football in the South. Yale, with Albie Booth, was a national power, but it was a hot, muggy day and the Yale players, wearing thick blue stockings, soon wilted. Georgia won 15-0. Dan Magill, Georgia's sports information director, calls the day "the biggest thing to happen in the South since Appomattox. Except we won."

And it was from Athens that the Bulldogs left in 1908 for Knoxville and a game with the Tennessee Volunteers, who already hated them. And perhaps it was that day that the spirit of Southern football was born. Late in the first half a Georgia football player swept around his end and was shouldered out of bounds at the Tennessee one. At this point there appeared a large mountaineer wearing a green frock coat and a four-gallon hat and cracking of sour mash. In one hand he carried a .38 revolver. With the other he pointed to the goal. "The first man who crosses that line," he snarled, "will get a bullet in his carcass." On the next play, not surprisingly, Georgia fumbled. Tennessee won 10-0. Apparently the mountaineer lost interest in football because Georgia won the next two years.

There are thousands of such stories, each carefully recorded—after, perhaps, a bit of polishing and honing—and every bit as important to an SEC fan as, say, knowing that since 1951 the old league has turned out seven national champions; that since 1947 the SEC has had 48 teams in the top 10 to only 43 for the Big Ten. Well, almost as important. SEC fans, too, have been known to mention casually that in bowls it's Us'uns 70, and the Other'uns 42, with six ties, and since the Associated Press picked Alabama End Wu Winstlett as its first All-America from the South, the SEC has produced more All-Americans than any other conference. Oh, they can get downright boring with that stuff if you listen. And downright nasty if you don't. Just because the Civil War ended in a draw doesn't mean they intend to lose any football battles. **END**

Defense is not entirely dead, as Georgia's Phil Sullivan proves to one Carolina runner.

A NEW DEAL FOR AN OLD SPORT

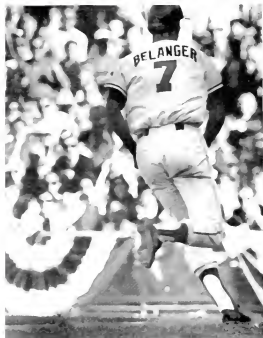
That newest of American sporting institutions, the major league baseball playoffs, was unveiled last week in Atlanta and Baltimore as a necessary prelude to that most honorable and ancient of American sporting institutions, the World Series. Although traditionalists grumbled, no one could suggest a system that would eliminate two of the new-style four divisional champions without some preliminary scuffling. So the Atlanta Braves and the New York Mets—a remarkable parlay in view of April's opening National League odds—and the predictably powerful Baltimore Orioles and Minnesota Twins squared off to decide who would advance in what has now become a two-week-long tournament.

Like most tournaments, this one had a favorite, the Orioles, runaway champions of the American League East—and a sentimental favorite, the more or less miracle Mets. But the real winners were going to be the fans. The playoffs were fun, they were exciting, if sometimes one-sided, and they obviously added something to the season, a kind of mini-Series. As these pictures show, the country's latest sporting baby looks robust. Its health should help overcome the controversy that attended its birth.





Gasping New York Owner John Payson watches as the Mets' Clooney takes advantage of Atlanta's sloppy fielding to score the opening game's winning run and make the Mets perennial favorites for the first time. Jones, who had reached third on an earlier blunder, crossed the plate when a low throw skipped past Catcher Bob Dillier. New York won 9-5.



Three long drives and a short dribble won the opener 4-3 for Baltimore. Home runs by Frank Robinson, Mark Belanger and Boog Powell kept the Orioles tied with Minnesota until two out in the 11th inning when Paul Blair bunted so precisely that Twins Catcher John Roseboro was left fully grasping for the ball as Belanger scored the deciding run.

CONTINUED



Biggest guns in Baltimore's second extra-inning victory were lefthander Dave McNally (above) and huge Boog Powell, who delicately crashed down on home plate to score game's only run in the 11th. On Monday Powell got two more hits, Paul Blair executed the bunt and the Orioles massacred the Twins 11-2 to move into the Series against the Mets.



The helpful gremlins, who seemed to accompany the Mets everywhere during the past months, were there again at Atlanta's second game, popping routine ground balls just out of the reach of Braves fielders. But Cleon Jones and welcoming Tommie Agee each hit two-run homers in 11-6 win, and the next day Agee welloped another to start the Mets on the way to their high-scoring playoff sweep.



YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS . . . OOPS!

Although only a year old, the Cincinnati Bengals were undefeated. Then they lost their quarterback, the ball, the ball game and their youthful dreams, as San Diego taught them to respect their elders **by TEX MAULE**

After the Cincinnati Bengals surprised everyone, possibly excluding themselves, by winning their first three games, Coach Paul Brown said, "We're young and exuberant and we don't know any better." They are now a little bit older, a little bit wiser. Last Saturday night they lost a battle to the seasoned San Diego Chargers but they took a long step forward in the pro football war. The Chargers, a club bountifully supplied on offense, beat the Bengals 21-14 in San Diego Stadium. Brad Hubbert scoring all three Charger touchdowns, and they certainly deserved their victory. San Diego had lost to Cincinnati 34-20 just two weeks earlier, but this time it played with cold ferocity and with few lapses and it is a team to be reckoned with the rest of the season.

The Bengals, on the other hand, played with youthful abandon and zest and with the tendency of the young to err. It is extremely doubtful that they will win the AFL Western Division championship this year, but Coach Brown's kids will certainly be a force in the '70s, when the AFL and the NFL merge and Cincinnati is in a division with Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Houston.

If Greg Cook, Cincinnati's dandy rookie quarterback, had been able to play the Bengals might have won. Sam Wyche replaced Cook, who has a bruised right arm, and Wyche isn't as accurate a passer or as elusive a target for on-rushing linemen and linebackers. Moreover, he hurt his right knee early in the game and couldn't set up properly or drop back with any facility. The Charger defenders caught Wyche six times attempting to pass and frequently harassed him into inaccuracy.

He completed only seven of 18, including a 62-yard touchdown pass to Bob Trumpy, whose wife thought he had been drafted by the Cincinnati Bengals. Wyche is a rather modest young man, and following the game he said, "You know, Greg has a kind of charisma that I don't have and he lifts the team. There had to be some doubt about my ability, and if there is doubt, then the team suffers."

Rick Redman, the five-year veteran who plays middle linebacker for the Chargers, confirmed Wyche's self-appraisal. "But I think we would have beaten them even if Cook had played," he said. "We were really ready and we made some defensive adjustments I can't tell you about that helped us in our coverage. But there's a difference in Cincinnati with Cook and without him. When they come out on a third-down play with Cook at quarterback they exude confidence. Tonight they didn't."

Wyche, who played two good games for the Bengals last year before being sidelined with a broken ankle, was not only bedeviled by the Charger rush, he was bemused by a sophisticated approach to the rush. Early on the Chargers blitzed often, their outside linebackers coming in hard. Pete Barnes, barreling in from his right linebacker spot, often overpowered the back who was supposed to pick him up and once or twice came in free. "They got blitz-conscious," Redman said. "Then we'd fake the blitz and make them keep the backs in to protect and then we'd drop off. That cut down on the number of receivers they had downfield and made the coverage easier."

Even so, the Bengals had opportunities

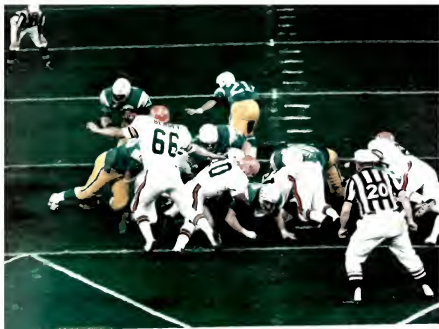
to put the game out of reach and failed to capitalize on them. If there was one play that was to cost them the game it came early in the first period. Cincinnati had received the kickoff and moved for a touchdown in a splendid four-play burst. The big play here was a sweep by Fullback Jess Phillips that carried for 49 yards to the San Diego 26-yard line. Phillips caught the Charger line slanting the wrong way, with the linebackers clogged up in the middle, cut to the sideline and was almost gone. On the next down, Wyche completed a 10-yard pass, then called (or, rather, Paul Brown called) a bit of *razzle-dazzle*. The play was a reverse to wispy Wide Receiver Speedy Thomas coming to the left from his spread position. Thomas took the ball with most of the Charger defense running the opposite way and went 16 unmolested yards for the touchdown.

On the following kickoff the Bengals recovered a fumble on the Charger 35 and appeared ready to move in for the touchdown that would put them 14 points ahead and the Chargers in the position of having to play catch-up. But the defects of youth caught up with them. With third down and two to go at the Charger 27, Wyche (and or Brown) called a play that had Phillips faking into the line and Paul Robinson, last year's AFL Rookie of the Year, taking a hand-off wide for a sweep. Phillips hit the wrong hole so that Wyche couldn't fake the hand-off, and a looping Charger lineman hit Wyche as he reached des-

continued

On a busted play Bengal Quarterback Sam Wyche bungles a hand-off to Paul Robinson. San Diego came up with the ensuing fumble.





perately for Robinson. The ball smacked Robinson on the hip, fell free and Charger Linebacker Jeff Staggis pounced on it—and ran it to the Bengal 39. The Chargers went on to score and tie up the game. And, mixing the passing of John Hadl with the running of stumpy Dickie Post and the 230-pound Hubbert (whose three touchdowns by rushing set a San Diego single-game record), they went on to win. “I just felt loose and easy and I went,” said Hubbert, who had a knee operation last season. “I just had that good feeling.”

So did John Hadl. “I’m glad we’re through with Cincinnati,” he said after the game. “Expansion team or whatever, they’re too tough. They have a hellacious defense.”

The feelings of the two teams before the game offered a marked contrast. The Bengals, notably relaxed and too young to realize that they weren’t supposed to be 3 and 0 against veteran competition, weren’t impressed by San Diego. Possibly the only member of the Bengal organization who was aware of how unlikely their accomplishment really was was wise old Paul Brown.

“I had no idea we would have this kind of record this early,” he said at breakfast in San Diego’s Stardust Motel the day of the game. “I thought the early schedule would kill us. It seems to me that in the old days Bert Bell [the former NFL commissioner] used to work out the schedule so that the strong teams played each other early and the teams that weren’t so strong were matched so that the suspense went on for at least the first half of the season. But we opened with Miami, then we get San Diego, Kansas City, San Diego, the Jets, one after the other—three of the best teams in the AFL four times in four weeks. Even Miami should be a stronger club than we are. You don’t expect to beat veteran teams in your second season.”

Sid Gillman, the only coach the Chargers have had in the 10 years of their existence, agreed wholeheartedly. Gillman is an outspoken admirer of Brown, but he wasn’t reconciled to having lost the first Cincinnati game. “Paul is a great coach,” Gillman said after the Chargers

had gone through their final pregame workout. “He’s in the Hall of Fame and he belongs there. All you have to do is look at his record. No second-year team belongs on the field with a club that has been in operation for 10 years. You don’t have time in two seasons to accumulate the talent, you don’t have the experience you need.”

In defense of Gillman, a fine coach in his own right, the Chargers operated under the nearly insuperable handicap of a lame-armed quarterback in their two losses. John Hadl had been slow recovering from a bruised elbow that he got in an exhibition game against the Rams, and he didn’t throw well. Behind Hadl is Marty Domres, a promising rookie from Columbia, which despite its sorry record always seems to have a first-rate quarterback, but Gillman looks on rookie quarterbacks with the traditional suspicion of all pro coaches—except, perhaps, Brown.

“The kid is as smart as they come,” Gillman said of Domres. “He’s got the size and he’ll have the arm. Right now his arm isn’t quite strong enough, but it will be. Hadl had the same trouble when he came up. He used to throw the ball end over end, and our receivers were making diving catches. Now he puts a tight spiral on it. But it wasn’t until the game last Sunday against the Jets that he could throw comfortably. I was scared silly that he was through, but we gave him a shot of cortisone and the elbow responded.” Hadl completed 19 of 31 passes for 281 yards and three touchdowns in San Diego’s 34-27 victory over New York.

Hadl wasn’t the Chargers’ only cripple. Ron Mix, the All-Pro offensive tackle, missed most of the first three games with a pulled calf muscle. Before the Cincinnati game he went gingerly through the motions of practicing with the special teams—punting, kickoff, placekicking—then stood on the sideline. Mix is a thoughtful man who wears horn-rimmed glasses and looks as intellectual as it is possible to look when you’re 6’ 4” and weigh 260.

“I’ve been brainwashed all these years,” he said, smiling. “Why, for six weeks now I’ve finished every game fresh and fit and able to take my family out for a nice dinner. My paycheck has been there anyway. Look at what I’ve been missing!” He looked slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if his audience had bought the put-on, then grinned. “I don’t

mean that,” he said. “I’ll go if I can. I played four plays last week. I’ll try for eight against Cincinnati.” (As it turned out, he didn’t get into the game.)

The Chargers are a team with a number of superstars; the Bengals, obviously, are not. “Nobody on this team is getting rich,” said Jess Phillips. “We’re lean and hungry. And the lean and mighty shall win.”

One who won’t be hungry long is Greg Cook. A remarkable rookie who is leading the AFL in passing, Cook came to the Bengals from the University of Cincinnati, and his initiation into the pros has been made easier by the fact that Brown sends in the play calls via messenger guards, as he did with the Cleveland Browns. But Cook’s college coach did the same thing, so Greg is used to it. “Paul Brown is 61 years old and at the peak of his career,” Cook says. “Who am I to argue with him about calls? I’m just very happy to play for him—and, besides, we agree about 90% of the time.”

Cook should be back this week when the Bengals play the Jets in Cincinnati, and it wouldn’t be surprising if he outshines Broadway Joe. The Chargers play the Dolphins in Miami and Hadl is definitely hale. Against Cincinnati he threw the ball 27 times and completed 17 passes for 238 yards, and when he missed he was close.

“Hadl was tough,” said Bengal Defensive Tackle Bill Staley. “We had a good rush. We were getting in, but he throws quick. Sometimes he threw with someone on him and the pass was still on target. He’s great.”

“He had great targets,” said John Gaudry, a rookie cornerback who had the frustrating job of trying to cover Lance Alworth and Gary Garrison. “You can’t cover Alworth and Garrison all night. They beat us bad on a couple of crossing patterns early and then we got overcautious.”

“We made mistakes,” said Paul Brown. “You expect a young club to make mistakes. Alworth and Garrison caught a lot of passes on us, but they catch passes on a lot of people. But we played hard and we never quit and I think this is a fine young group of men. I was proud of them. You don’t like to lose, but we didn’t lose any pride in getting beat tonight. The Chargers were fired up. They knew we were for real.”

So does the rest of the AFL. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERRY A. LONG

After taking a hand-off from John Hadl, San Diego’s Brad Hubbert (28) plows over from the two for the second of his three touchdowns.

HOCKEY '69: THE ROUGH GET ROUGHER

Influenced by the pugnacious style that carried Boston so far against the champion Montreal Canadiens last season, the other NHL teams have toughened up for a campaign of heavy hitting

by GARY RONBERG



Never a sport hospitable to the meek or the timid, hockey this week embarks upon a season that is likely to be the roughest in years. This sense of impending violence radiates out from the National Hockey League's top teams, Montreal and Boston. Rarely has a campaign offered two clubs so strong in appeal, so different in style, so indifferent to considerations of health and well-being as Les Canadiens and the Bruins. Claude Ruel, the Montreal coach, proposes that the great and durable Canadian dynasty teach yet another lesson in hockey, if not in decorum, to the Bruin bullyboys. It was Ruel, of course, who directed the Canadiens last year to a narrow divisional championship over Boston and victory in a brilliant, bitter Stanley Cup series. For his part, Harry Sinden, coach of the Bruins, believes that the French can be fractured, or at least contused, sufficiently to be beaten.

Reverberations of the Montreal-Boston dispute have touched all the other teams. None has the speed, the players or, indeed, the push of history to emulate exactly the racehorse Montreal style, yet none can afford to be cowed by the Bruins. What has developed, therefore, is a general toughening up, and a mood of swift, heavy retribution for an opponent's misdeeds. Boston is the particular lightning rod for violence; in an unusually fierce exhibition season the Bruins' own Ted Green—once

called Terrible Teddy for his pugnacity—was stick-whipped over the head by St. Louis' Wayne Maki, suffered a skull fracture and, after two brain operations, faces a long convalescence.

Three teams—Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Minnesota—have pointedly added players of the policeman type, and Oakland has been experimenting with a former boxer named Pierre Farmer. ("I don't know if he can skate, but he can fight," says General Manager Frank Selke Jr.) "We have an image," says Harry Sinden, "and we don't try to discourage it. I won't say we're as bad as the papers say we are, but we can be pretty bad."

"It's almost psychological warfare," says Los Angeles' Hal Laycoe, one of four new coaches in the NHL this year. "Every time you read a story about a Boston player, it's how he's going to intimidate the opposition—so the other clubs are going after the guys who won't be intimidated. Just by coincidence, we've come up with three dandies."

Ruel, who has one of the better cops in John Ferguson but on the whole a team that would rather skate and shoot than widen the denture gap, is getting a little fed off about Boston's notoriety. "My players tell me, 'Let him talk, we will just beat them.'" Ruel says. "All this stuff about Boston being so rough, it is a lot of baloney. You know, it is in the corners

where you gotta be tough, and we are just as tough as Boston in the corners. It's just that when the Canadiens hit somebody, nobody talks about it. Boston is a good, rough team, but my guys aren't exactly angels, either."

Three weeks ago Montreal and Boston met in a preseason game for the first time since Jean Beliveau fired the goal in second overtime which guillotined Boston in the cup playoffs, and the game ended in a near-riot with both benches empty and the ice littered with gloves and sticks. The winner: Canadiens 4-1. The teams meet for the first time during the regular season on Nov. 1 in Montreal.

Elsewhere there is much to intrigue the fans. Emile Francis has strengthened a good New York team which could make a dash for the flag. In Detroit, becoming more immortal by the moment, Gordie Howe begins his 24th season. In Chicago, Bobby Hull picks up his curved stick and takes aim at his own amazing goal-scoring record of 58. In the West champion St. Louis must prove that it can win without Goalie Glenn Hall—and Oakland, Minnesota and Los Angeles all must be granted some chance for a pennant. Scouting reports on all the teams begin overleaf; on page 44 may be found the personal testimony of Phil Esposito, Boston's scoring champion, on how to carve out room at the top.

CONTINUED

NHL EAST



MONTREAL CANADIENS

On the eve of his second season as coach of the champion Canadiens, Claude Ruel was talking about the first: "There were a lot of people who thought the Canadiens would have a new coach after one or two months—they didn't think I could win the championship—and that is why for me it was a personal victory. There are people, even after we beat Boston for the league championship, they criticize me. I am more confident this time, but at the same time I am more scared."

Ruel knows he must win again to please the tough Canadian fans, and so he should. Through planning and some slick dealing behind closed doors, the Canadiens survived the June draft without losing a regular from last year's club. All the familiar stars are back: Jean Beliveau, Henri Richard, Jacques Lemaire, Yvan Cournoyer, Bobby Rousseau, Ralph Backstrom, Dickie Duff. Beliveau makes the Canadiens hard to beat in the money games. Lemaire scored 29 goals and played in every game but one. Little Cournoyer, now 25, became one of the NHL's big gunners by scoring 43 times. He also confounded critics who thought he would never become a two-way player.

Defensively, the Canadiens are as big and rangy and stringy as ever. Jacques Lapierre and Ted Harris are coming off excellent years. Serge Savard, only 23, won the Conn Smythe Award as the outstanding cup player. Once again Gump Worsley and Regent Vachon will split time in the nets.

These riches have not made the Canadiens complacent. As Ruel says, "If you get too much confidence in yourself, you're gonna have bad success."

BOSTON BRUINS

The skull fracture suffered by Defenseman Ted Green in the exhibition season dramatizes Coach Harry Sinden's most serious problem, that of avoiding injuries. "Anytime you start cracking heads like Boston does," says the Blues' Lynn Patrick, former coach of the Bruins, "you're going to get people hurt." With Green's own head cracked, Sinden is reviewing a somber league statistic with all the more concern. It is in the category "Player/Games Lost by Clubs," and last year the Bruins lost 240. The next team on the most-injured list was St. Louis, with 135. The champion Canadiens logged 100. "I'm not trying to alibi," says Sinden, "but that gives you a pretty good idea just how many guys we had racked up last year." In any case, Sinden says he is prepared to "live or die by the sword," and clearly he has no other choice.

Still, the preseason toll was alarmingly high. Besides Green the injured included the youthful superstar Bobby Orr, the daredevil center Derek Sanderson and another good defenseman, Don Awrey. If the Bruins open with these three absent or at less than their best, they will be in for some bad moments.

But barring medical catastrophe, the Bruins can again press Montreal, and if they can continue to win some "big" games they could dethrone the Canadiens. Boston blew



a must game with Montreal the next to last night of last season and won none of three overtime games in the cup semifinals.

"This is a dangerous year for us," says Sinden. "We could be awfully good or . . ."

NEW YORK RANGERS

In New York's year of improbable championships it is just conceivable that the Rangers can break through the Montreal-Boston axis to win their first NHL title in 2 years. Strictly on form, no, but with some luck, maybe. The Rangers are a little bigger, a little faster, a little meaner—and if Emile Francis they possess a master coach. "We have," says Francis, "the finest crop



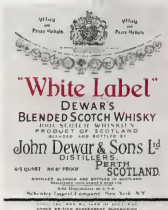
of young players in 15 years." Francis boasts a lineup that already includes two superstars young sophomores—Center Walt Tkaczuk and Defenseman Brad Park.

Among the little things Francis has added is some goal insurance. Last year his splendid iron man, Ed Giacomin, played more minutes (4,114) than any other goalie and by March was extremely weary. To spell him Francis has hired that legendary netman Terry Sawchuk, and so should have the league's best combination.

Offensively, the high-scoring line of Rod Gilbert, Jean Ratelle and Vic Hadfield returns, backed by a strong second unit of Tkaczuk, Dave Balon and Bob Nevin. All the smaller Rangers are glad to see rugged Orland Kurtenbach back in uniform after a year's absence caused by a back operation. Wise old Harry Howell, nearing the end of his defense career, was purchased by Oakland, but the Rangers are well supplied with defensive size and quality in Park, Jim Neilson, Arne Brown and Rod Seiling. The Rangers are young but, as Francis says, "old enough to know where the money is." Montreal and Boston have it, but New York being the town it is these days, the Rangers could steal it.

continued

Authentic.



What we put in this bottle

They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.



Dewar's never varies.

Enter: The 360.

Its electronic flash lights pack after pack of



No flashbulbs ever. The electronic flash head recharges automatically, storing energy to light 60-second pictures with brilliant 1/1000th of a second bursts.

You slide the electronic flash unit into place with a satisfying click, and flip on a tiny switch.

Instantly, the signal light and a rising sound tell you the flash is building energy. A light starts flashing, and the sound switches to a *boop...boop...*

You are now ready to shoot up to 40 flash pictures, without stopping to put in a flashbulb.

As you focus, louvers in the flash unit automatically adjust to deliver the exact amount of light you need. You depress the shutter and *zoing!* the strobe

releases a 1/1000th of a second burst of light, fast enough to freeze a bird in flight (see right) or catch a splash in a baby's bath.

You pull the film packet out of the camera. Automatically, an electronic timer is activated and the timer light goes on. The instant the print is perfectly developed, the light goes out and the timer goes *beeeeeep*.

Now: peel off your picture. Perfectly exposed. Perfectly developed. And all you did was aim and shoot!

You'll never have to use another flashbulb. (So you'll never run out of them!) After you've taken 5 film packs (40 shots), the electronic strobe recharges itself on house cur-



As you focus, louvers adjust automatically to insure correct light intensity.

rent, automatically. Fifteen minutes and you can shoot another pack. One hour and it's recharged. When you're not using it, just keep the flash unit plugged in, like your electric toothbrush.

Best of all, The 360 gives you

From Polaroid.

pictures perfectly, then recharges itself.

the freedom to shoot when the moment is right.

You'll take wonderfully spontaneous pictures. No more wooden friends and relatives. You'll never have to ask your

You set the timer correctly and let it worry.

To give you an inkling of the ingenuity that went into this camera:



Electronic circuits reduced in size from a pack of cards to a pencil point.

In the timer, the shutter and the flash unit are circuits containing transistors, resistors and other electronic components. Each would normally fill a space as large as a deck of cards. In The 360, they have been reduced to tiny chips of plastic-covered silicon less than 1/32 of an inch square—about the width of a pencil point.

This Polaroid Land camera has a Zeiss Ikon range- and viewfinder. Triplet lens. Four



Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

film-speed settings. Two exposure ranges for color, two for black-and-white. It can take Polaroid camera attachments for close-ups and portraits. It has a tripod socket. And instant pack-film loading.

See (and hear) this most distinguished of the Countdown Cameras, the finest camera Polaroid has ever produced.

1/1000th of a second exposure makes possible spontaneous flash pictures.

subjects to pose. The film is exposed only for that millisecond of light. If your hand jiggles, you don't have to worry. The pictures are always razor sharp.

You'll get perfectly exposed shots, indoors or out. This remarkable strobe light is particularly kind to flesh tones. Outdoors, the sophisticated electric eye and electronic shutter system will read the light and set the exposure automatically.

You won't waste any more pictures because of poor timing.



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The BOVAIRE 45% DACRON® polyester, 55% cotton—two-way zip front—100% cotton knit collar—Super-Luster DACRON pile lining from edge to edge—stipe that sticks from at bottom. About \$34. B. W. Hanna Mfg. Co., Park Square, St. Paul, Minn. 55103.

ZERO KING.

TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

Jim Dorey checked into camp with sideburns curling under his jaw and his skates painted blue. Mike Walton's mop was so long he had to wear a friction-tape headband during scrimmages to keep it out of his eyes. Dave Keon got stranded on a fishing trip, reported three days late and drew a handshake instead of a fine. "There's something drastically wrong in camp this year," said 67-year-old Tommy Naylor, the assistant trainer. "I've been here three days and nobody has screamed at me, or fined me or anything. Something is wrong."

A lot of things certainly are different—if not wrong—within the Toronto organization this year, from the facts at the top to the hosts on the road. Punch Imlach, who drove his players like a Marine drill instructor, is gone and so are President C. Stafford Smythe and Executive Vice-President Harold Ballard. Jim Gregory, 34, and Johnny McLellan, 41, are the new general manager and coach, respectively, and Imlach's they aren't. "I'm not going to imitate Punch in any way," says Gregory. "We're even shooting for Monday as a day off."

But even though the Leafs will be laughing more and grumbling less, one wonders how much better they can be. The team is fairly potent up front with Norm Ullman, Keon and Walton at center and Paul Henderson and Ron Ellis at two wing positions, but after that McLellan has to scuffle. The All-Star defenseman Tim Horton has retired (he says he would reconsider for a \$100,000 boost in pay, to \$80,000), three of the four starting defenders are kids of 22 or under.

And so once again the Leafs will fight Detroit and Chicago for fourth place.



DETROIT RED WINGS

There is a telephone at General Manager Sid Abel's seat in the Olympia Stadium press box, and often during games last year he used it—to give suggestions to Coach Bill Gadsby down behind the Red Wing bench. Even though Abel was not exactly being paid to coach the team, his advice did not bug Gadsby as much as that coming from Owner Bruce Norris, who was constantly on the phone to Abel from his private box. All this Big Brotherism failed to help the Wings, who missed the playoffs for the third straight year.

This year, Gadsby says, there will be no more phone calls. "I want to do it my way," he says. "If I hang myself out there on the ice, at least it will be with my own hand."

Nonetheless, it is doubtful that the front-office interference will stop unless the Red Wings start winning. The team's new hope is Carl Brewer, 30, an artificial defenseman who walked out of a Maple Leaf camp four years ago rather than play for Punch Imlach. Playing alongside Bobby Baum, his old Toronto partner, Brewer could help forge a stronger rush from the Detroit end—which has been Detroit's biggest problem. "He's a real hollerguy," says Abel. "For too long we've been a quiet team. Gordie [Howe] and Alex [Delvecchio] never say a word on the ice."

Still, what those two do will determine more than anything how high Detroit goes. Howe, 41, made his 23rd season a spectacular one with 44 goals, and Delvecchio had a typically good year (25). But if this is the year age finally catches up with them, nothing—not Frank Mahovlich or Brewer or Goalie Roy Edwards or Norris' second guesses—will keep the Wings out of the cellar.

CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS

When Bobby Hull scores an alltime record of 58 goals and you still finish last in the East, what do you do? The flip answer is "Raise ticket prices," which is exactly what Owner Bill Wirtz has done—to \$8 on the main floor of Chicago Stadium. Hockey hinger is so great that the stadium is already a near sellout for the season, but doubts remain about the Hawks' defense and morale. Hull himself skipped training camp while renegotiating the four-year contract he signed after a brainting holdout last year. "Puppets and Bumsteeds," he called the Hawk management, adding he felt he was not appreciated. Meanwhile, Center Pat Martin said Hull was appreciated all too much. "The Hawks have one star and one fairly big star, and the club seems set up to keep them happy," asserted Martin.

Amid the slanging, Coach Billy Reay at least has encouraging news about that "finely big" star, Stan Mikita. The brilliant little center has recovered from a back injury that made him a defensive patsy last year. But even as Mikita mended, his valuable right wing, Kenny Warrman, suffered a heart attack and may be finished as a player.

Although Reay may have to juggle his forward lines, he knows the Hawks can score. His heaviest challenge is to stiffen the defense, which allowed 246 goals last year. The only really solid defenseman appear to be Pat Stapleton and Doug Mohns but Reay



professes to see big-league quality in rookies Barry Long and Ray McKay. Montreal's young Tony Esposito was drafted in the hope he might surpass the so-so Goalies Dennis DeJordy and Dave Dryden.

CONTINUED

NHL WEST



ST. LOUIS BLUES

Scotty Bowman, the coach and general manager of the Blues, got married in August, honeymooned in Aspen, Colo. and western Canada and, since he was in the area, dropped in on the Saskatchewan home of Glenn Hall, his All-Star goaltender. For years Hall has threatened to quit in June, only to sign in October. This time he says he means it. "We were sitting out on the porch, under a beautiful full moon," says Bowman. "Glenn looked good. He was relaxed, happy. He said it wasn't the money, that it's never been the money. He said he just didn't think he could get through another season."

Whether St. Louis can do without Hall is the cardinal question. He and Jacques Plante were the chief instruments of the Blues' West championship. Now the challenge of partnering Jacques falls to Ernie Wakely, who was drafted from Montreal.

At other positions the Blues are strong. During the June meetings they gained depth at center ice, getting Phil Goyette from New York and Andre Boudrias from Chicago to back up Red Berenson, a superior center, and Frank St. Marselle. Ah, McDonald, who scored 21 goals, returns at a wing, as does Gary Sabourin, who contributed 25 goals. Al Arbour captains a rough-tough defense featuring Noel Picard, Bob and Barclay Plager, Jim Roberts and Jean Guy Talbot.

Bowman will not have to worry over the fans' enthusiasm. St. Louis is the envy of all expansion cities. What does concern him is the possibility of overconfidence; he shudders at what happened to the baseball Cardinals. The Blues should win again in the West, but without Hall they can be beaten.

OAKLAND SEALS

The Seals were the verpine of the NHL, rising from last place in the West to a second-place berth behind St. Louis. They led their division in scoring, terrorized some East teams and produced the NHL's Coach of the Year and even a couple of budding superstars in Carol Vadnais and Nurm Ferguson. The best job of all was done by the management team—Executive Vice-President Bill Torrey, General Manager Frank Selke Jr. and Coach Freddie Glover, who somehow kept the players thinking hockey through the confusion of rumors switching the team to Vancouver or Buffalo. At the moment the Seals belong to Trans-National Communications, Inc., a New York-based outfit which recently bought the Boston Celtics and officially depicts itself as "a well-dressed, smooth-functioning organization that knows where it's going and how to get there."

One wonders how long an organization can stay well-dressed and smooth-functioning amid those empty seats at the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum Arena, but if Torrey and the others continue to hypnotize the players Oakland will not be beaten easily. Ferguson (who barely lost the Rookie of the Year award to Minnesota's Danny Grant), Ted Hampson and Billy Hicke lead an attack admired for its balance, and the defense, featuring Vadnais, Bert Marshall



and Doug Roberts, is young and getting better. Only the goaltending remains unsettled. The Seals took four goalies to camp, and two—probably Gary Smith and Chris Wozniak—will stick.

PHILADELPHIA FLYERS

The weakest scoring team in the NHL has added some punch—left hooks, right crosses, a few elbows and maybe a stick or two. When the Flyers exited out of the Stanley Cup in four straight losses to St. Louis, things started happening at the Spectrum. Coach Keith Allen became assistant general manager a year ahead of schedule and was replaced by Vic Stasiuk, an old Red



Wing and Bruin scrapper. Then the Flyers went out and got some beef. Reggie Fleming, a brawler, was acquired from New York, and soon he was joined by the rugged Hillman brothers, Wayne from Minnesota and Larry from Montreal. The message was obvious. "There will be no timidity around here this year," says Stasiuk. "If my linemate gets his skull bashed or his nose fractured, I have to feel it's up to me to retaliate. Fleming helps keep the aggressiveness you need."

Stasiuk will deploy some of the extra muscle to help protect the Flyers' only would scoring threat, the line of Jean Guin Gendron, Andre Lacroix and Dick Sarraan, which last season produced 60 of the team's 174 goals. While experimenting with two other forward lines, Stasiuk is urging his defencemen to think attack, to "forget defense until possession of the puck is lost." This is certain to increase the pressure on 24-year-old Bernie Parent, the best young goaltender in the league.

"This year we'll be tougher," says Stasiuk. "We spent the entire training camp trying to find out how much defense we can sacrifice for more offense."

LOS ANGELES KINGS

The trouble with Hal Laycoe, they say, is that he coaches dull hockey. Laycoe, who won seven Western Hockey League championships in his last eight years at Portland before moving to the Kings this season, retorts that the only people who criticize him are those who have lost to him. "The most exciting hockey is junior hockey," he says. "Why? Because they make so damn many mistakes. I could have the most exciting team in the world—but we wouldn't win."

In one grand concession to show biz, however, Laycoe has signed the former Boston strong boy, Eddie Shack, and has moved him from left wing to center, the position Shack likes best.

Laycoe's game is position play with a lot of passing and tight checking. Since L.A.'s checking was exceeded at midlevel only by Pittsburgh last year, Dennis Hextall and Ross Lonsberry were picked up to help Shack bloody some noses. To step up the scoring, Laycoe spent a lot of time in training camp looking for a center to force-feed Cowboy Flett, the club's best shooter, and a wing to run interference for Center Eddie Joyal, who scored 33 goals.

At the other end of the ice, the Kings gave up too many goals—more than any other team except Minnesota—but it wasn't Goalie Gerry Desjardins' fault. In Desjardins and his backup man, Wayne Rutledge, Los Angeles has one of the better combinations. The problem was getting the forwards to come back and help out on defense, something Laycoe's orthodox style should help solve. Bigger and rougher than last year, the Kings could rise to second or third place.



PITTSBURGH PENGUINS

In the two years of the West's existence, Pittsburgh has been its invisible team—a club incapable of generating excitement or success and the only one to miss out on the playoffs both years. Now the Penguins have been shaken well, and some class has been added in the person of Coach Red Kelly. This is the classic maneuver of installing a "winner" on a losing team to give it a kick in the psychological funny. Undeniably a winner as a player with Detroit and Toronto, Kelly coached Los Angeles to second- and fourth-place finishes in the past seasons, and the consensus is that he squeezed from the Kings the best that was to be gotten—even while wrangling with Owner Jack Kent Cooke and General Manager Larry Regan.

Among the manifold problems Kelly inherited at Pittsburgh was a player shortage down the middle and on defense. The only holdover at center is Wally Boyer, still undistinguished at 32. Ron Schock was drafted from St. Louis, and Bryan Hextall was picked up from Vancouver, and Kelly hopes the association with these pennant winners will rub off on their teammates. Kelly also believes the veteran Billy Harris can be of help. "I played with him in Toronto," says Red. "I may have visions of grandeur, but I think his true abilities haven't come out." Wings Dean Pentice (obtained from Detroit) and Glen Sather (Boston) should strengthen the offense somewhat. The Penguins are O.K. in goal with Les Binkley and Joe Daley, but have only two defensemen of quality: Bob Woytowich and Bob Blackburn.

"We'll be shooting for first," says winner Kelly. And lucky to finish fourth.

MINNESOTA NORTH STARS

Nobody really knows what to expect from the Minnesota North Stars. Last year, widely favored to win the West, the Stars flopped to fifth place, missing the playoffs and bitterly disappointing the 490,000 home fans—hockey nuts all—who paid to see them. Some changes have been made. Of the 20 players invited to camp, only seven spent all of last season with the club—and, since the Stars gave up more goals than any other team, it is not surprising that none of the holdovers is a defenseman. To help clear the ice in front of the Minnesota net, the Stars acquired Barry Gibbs from the Boston team and John Mizsak from Philadelphia. Wily old Leo Bevin, who joined the team in mid-season, is back. Lou Nanne and Tom Red fill out the defensive roster. Coach Wren Blair still must find adequate relief for his goaltender, Cesare Maniago.

The Stars, however, should have little trouble scoring. The line of Danny Grant, who was Rookie of the Year, Danny O'Shea and Claude Larose is intact. Ray Cullen, J. P. Parise and Bill Collins also return, and Minnesota got an unexpected bonus when Pittsburgh allowed Center Charlie Burns to go unprotected in the draft.

"We played too much wussy-wussy hockey last year," says Blair. "We were pushed too many times and we didn't push back. This time we've gone out and got some guys who'll crack a few heads together."



In spite of last year's debacle, fans in the north country have bought more than 8,000 season tickets, and this year they may start getting their money's worth.



At home in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, I belong to a bocce club. Bocce is a bowling game we Italians love. One day one of the members brought out a Ouija board, and we decided to have some fun with it. It was just before the start of last year's National Hockey League season, so we asked the board questions about how the season would go both for me and for the Boston Bruins to which I had been traded the year before from the Chicago Black Hawks.

The Ouija predicted that I would have a three-goal game against Toronto, that I would score 45 goals during the season, that I would win the scoring championship and that Boston would lead the league and win the Stanley Cup. Except for the Stanley Cup thing, the Ouija came close. I scored four goals in a game against Toronto, I scored 49 goals during the season, I did win the scoring championship with 126 points—49 goals plus 77 assists, which topped Bobby Hull's and Stan Mikita's previous record of 97 points—and we were first in the league for 59 days during the regular season. But one of us—either the Bruins or the Ouija board—muffed the Stanley Cup prediction. We lost to Montreal.

So this past summer we bocce players tuned in on the Ouija again, and it said we would win first place in 1969-70 but not the Stanley Cup (it was wrong before on that point about the cup and I think it's wrong again). It said I was going to have another good year, but I didn't ask how many points I was going to get. I hadn't asked it that last year, so I decided I wouldn't do it this year, either. I did ask it if I was going to get 30 goals, and it said, "Yes," so I was happy about that.

I was feeling pretty low when the Black Hawks traded me to the Bruins on May 15, 1967. I was going from a Stanley Cup contender to a team that hadn't won the cup since 1940-41 and showed no prospect of getting in contention for it. It was like a St. Louis Cardinal player might have felt that year about being traded to the New York Mets. Most of all, my pride was hurt that the Hawks did not want me, that they were willing to trade me and Ken Hodge and Fred Stanfield for Gilles Marotte, Pat Martin and Jack Norris.

But then, even in training camp that first season with Boston, I began to see things a lot differently. For one thing, the management treated me nice. The



'WE HAVE THE TASTE OF VICTORY'

The Boston Bruins' record point-getter tells how sweet it was to escape from the shadow of Bobby Hull in Chicago and not only emerge as a star of his own but also see the Bruins come of age

by PHIL ESPOSITO with MARTIN KANE

first day in camp Milt Schmidt, the Bruins' general manager, and Coach Harry Sinden told me they were making me an assistant captain, which is the same as a co-captain. This built my confidence.

Then another thing happened. We were playing against Montreal very early in the season and we lost, but on the way back to Boston I said to Coach Sinden, "We're going to end up in the playoffs," and he said, "Yeah? We ain't even in second place!" But he thought about it, and then he said, "I think you're right, Phil." And we did.

You could see it coming. The guys were really keyed up—a lot of them had been on losers for so long, but when they started to win they began to get the idea of winning. They had had a good training camp, a good preseason record and it was all new and different. There were guys like Teddy Green, who had been in the league eight years and never been on a real winner. These guys—Eddie Westfall is another one—when they get the taste of victory, I figured, they're going to be real hot stuff, and we have the taste of victory now.

With that taste in my mouth and in the mouths of the rest of the team I was able to go out that first year and score 35 goals and 49 assists, which made me runner-up to Mikita in the scoring race. This was a surprise to everybody because, you see, I had been on Bobby Hull's line for the Hawks, and my job in Chicago was to set them up for Bobby—which I was proud to do, because he has the best shot in hockey. Still, some fans and a couple of Chicago sportswriters got on me because they didn't understand my function. I didn't get so many goals in Chicago, naturally, and those I did get were not so greatly appreciated. One of the writers called me a garbage collector, because some of my goals came after Bobby would miss one and I would be there to shoot it in on the rebound. Some garbage. But even the fans, influenced by these writers, got on me, and I think that had something to do with the management's decision to trade me to Boston, even though playing as Bobby's lineman I helped him set his 97-point record in 1965-66. Bobby understood this, and he was upset when I was traded, but very few others seemed to understand it. Before I came to Boston I was regarded primarily as a playmaker, even though I had had 23-, 27- and 21-goal seasons

with the Hawks. Those were pretty good records for a player with my assignment.

So, after that first very encouraging year with the Bruins, last season I became the first Bruin to win the Art Ross Trophy—given for leading the league in scoring during the regular season—since it was established in 1947. Furthermore, the Bruins scored 303 goals, which is a record for the NHL. Ken Hodge, also traded from Chicago, made 45 goals for Boston, and I made a lot of points setting up assists for him. Which goes to prove that hockey is a team game above everything else.

One other thing that helped me about coming to Boston was that I got more time on the ice. The more time I got on the ice the better I play. In Boston I must be averaging a full 35 minutes a game, and that's the way I like it. I don't enjoy practice or those training sessions. The way I get myself into condition is to play hockey, just as some pianists say the best finger exercise for playing the piano is to play the piano.

Most veteran hockey players come into camp at the start of the season a little bit overweight and not in the best condition—not bad, but not too good, either. So the younger players, who have been working out all summer, look real good the first couple of weeks of practice. If they don't look good early, if they haven't been working out during the summer, they get cut from the squad. But at the end of two weeks the veterans are passing them. Our motivation is different. We want to get ready for the season, and we know on our past performances that we won't be cut. We take it a little easier than the kids can afford to. Then when the opening game comes up we are ready for it, and I think we improve as the season goes along. We improve because our training has consisted of skating and playing hockey. No other exercise will sharpen you so well. I've never done any weight lifting in my life, and one of the guys on the team says I'm captain of the Ali-Ugly Body team. But I don't care, so long as I can keep producing.

Actually, I don't go entirely without exercise during the summer months. I operate two hockey schools, one at Weymouth, Mass. and the South Ste. Marie Hockey Clinic, and these give me a lot of time on the ice, though it is by no means the kind of hard-driving, push-yourself-to-the-limit kind of skating we

get during the regular season. But it does keep me in shape to some extent, and that is all I need. I got off to a bad start this season because I came down with a combination of strep throat, abscessed tonsils and a kidney infection and had to report a week late for preseason practice. But now, after a few days of skating and a lot of pills, I am feeling fine.

I think that three things were mainly responsible for my record last season: maturity, experience (which goes hand in hand with maturity) and confidence. Just playing on a line with Hodge and Ron Murphy gave me confidence. (Last year we broke the NHL record for most points by a line.)

But I do funny things that some people would call superstitious. For instance, I dress from left to right—left sock on before the right, left skate on before the right, and so on. Once I had a cold before a game and I put on a black wooden duckie to protect my chest. I had a very good game, and after that I always wore the black duckie whether I had a cold or not. Another time I wore a brown suit to a game, and we won by a big margin. So for the next 18 games I arrived in the dressing room wearing that same brown suit. It gave me confidence. But then my wife, Linda, called me on it. She said, "People will think that's the only suit you own." So I had to give it up. Actually it wasn't as bad as it sounds. It would get a quick dry cleaning every once in a while, and I only wore it a couple of hours a day.

Bobby Hull is my pal, even though we're on different teams now, and he taught me a lot about the game when I first came up to Chicago. He gave me confidence, too. When I made my first goal for the Hawks, Bobby skated alongside me and said, "Don't worry, Esposito, that's just the first of many."

We visit each other even now. When Bobby comes to play in Boston we go out together, and when I play in Chicago I look him up. In baseball that would be frowned on, fraternizing with a member of an opposition team. But in hockey nobody cares. We're men and we're in business. On the ice it's a different story. If I had a chance to hit Bobby, I'd hit him, and if he had a chance to hit me, he'd hit me.

And I don't ease up on my brother Tony, who is a goalie. I got four of my 49 goals off him last season when he was with Montreal. Now he's with Chi-

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PHIL ESPOSITO *continued*

cago, and I'm still going to try and put the puck past him, no matter what, and he's going to try to stop it. But blood is thicker than water and after the game he's my brother.

Although Hull is still my friend, my idol from the time I was a little player just starting in hockey was Gordie Howe. You see, Detroit is only 300 miles from my home in Sault Ste. Marie, and we used to get the Detroit games on radio. From those early days that big No. 9 was everything I aspired to be in sport. At Christmas my father would get me a full Detroit Red Wing uniform and all the stuff a forward would need, and for Tony he would get all the goaltender stuff. But my uniform had the No. 9 on it. We'd go out together on the ice and I'd hiest the pucks at Tony. I always wore No. 9 until I got to bantam hockey, and then I was changed to No. 7.

In later years I learned a lot from Gordie, just watching him play. I used to ask myself, "How does he get away with it?" He has those little tricks, you know. Now I'm starting to get away with it, too. You learn how to hook a guy without the referee seeing it, and you learn how to take a guy out, by holding him or something, without the referee seeing it.

Hull has been one of the greatest influences on me in another way. Mostly it's the way he does things with people, the way he talks with people. If he sees somebody he'll go out of his way to say hi to them. That's great. I think I learned that from Bobby, because I was a rebel when I was a junior. The hell with everybody was my attitude. I just didn't care. But now, after a game I'll stand around for an hour signing autographs for kids, and if I have to catch a plane or something I'll tell them to write me in care of the Boston Garden and I'll send them autographed pictures.

Those are the things that come naturally with experience and maturity. Another thing I have learned, also from experience, is how to use my reach. I have a very long reach, and I can keep the puck away from opponents just by extending my arm and stick as far as they will go, and I just know that nobody is going to take that puck away from me. Also, I have learned to use the curved stick, which I practiced with for a year before I ever tried it in a game. It does funny things to the puck—like making it drop suddenly just as the goalie thinks he's going to trap it. And

I've learned to pass to the right with it... off the outer curve of the blade.

There's a new rule about the sticks this year that is going to affect some players. Hull, for instance. The rule says that the curve in the blade must not exceed one inch. It won't bother me because I have always used a one-inch curve, and guys like Jean Beliveau, who uses a straight blade, won't be affected, but Bobby is used to a 1½-inch curve.

I can get pretty unhappy about faulty scoring by the officials. In my first season, for instance, we were playing Oakland, and we were winning by several goals when Kenny Hodge scored. They gave me an assist on the play, but it just wasn't my point because I hadn't touched the puck. So I protested that the point must have been another player's, and they gave it to him. I didn't want a point that should have gone to one of my teammates. Some people wondered why I got upset, but all I ever wanted was what I was entitled to.

But when I'm entitled to something I do want it. There was the time, in that first Boston season, when we were playing for second place. New York was the opponent I forget who passed the puck over to me but, anyway, I got it and I shot it right into the net. It hit the meshing and came straight out. Naturally, thinking it was a goal, I brought my stick up, and our team sort of slowed down and New York went right back down the ice and scored. The goal judge thought the puck had not gone in on my shot. Well, I'll tell you, we were wild. But the referee agreed with the goal judge, and that was the way it stood.

Next day the *Boston Herald Traveler* published a picture of the shot and, sure enough, there was the puck going into the stinking net. You could see the net bulging. I'm sure that incident cost us second place. I was really upset.

Another time—and this was last season—I drew a two-game suspension. Larry Hale of Philadelphia and I had a little scrap alongside the boards during a game in Boston. We each got two minutes in the penalty box for high-sticking. When I was skating over to the box somebody said something, and I guess it was Hale, and I turned around and said something back. It was an complimentary remark, you might say, and just as I was saying it Bob Sloan, the referee, turned around. I happened to be looking straight at him at the mo-

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ment, and I guess he thought I was saying it to him. He gave me a misconduct penalty. Well, I was frustrated that night because I had missed four or five goals and four or five assists, and I blew my cool, as Derek Sanderson would say, and I tossed a punch at Sloan. It was not a good punch, just a glancing blow that hit him on the shoulder. He threw me out of the game, and I had to go before the league president, Clarence Campbell. In the end I was suspended for two games and given fines that came to \$175. That episode may have cost us first place as well as some points and goals for me. At the end of the season, though, everything looked a lot rosier.

It still looks rosy, even though Ken Hodge had to have his appendix removed just after we started our preseason practice and, much worse, Teddy Green, a beautiful defenseman, had his skull fractured and may be out for the whole season, or most of it, anyway. I'll miss them both. Teddy saved a lot of goals that might have been scored against us, and Ken and I worked beautifully together on the line. He'll only be out a few weeks, of course, but even when he comes back to the lineup it will take him a little time to round into shape. I know his moves and he knows mine, and while he's gone it will be a loss to the team.

Looking forward to the season, I think I may be under a little more pressure, just because of last year's record. I think the opposition will be watching me a little closer. In front of the net they have to. I expected this last year, too, but it didn't happen, maybe because it's harder to watch a center than it is to keep track of a winger. Wingers go up and down the sides, you know, but the center man can roam—go to various parts of the rink—so it's going to be a little bit harder for them to watch me. But I'm expecting a close watch, anyway. We'll see what happens.

What I want most of all is for the Bruins to win all the way—the season and the playoffs. For myself, I'd like to get 30 goals. I'd like to get maybe 85 or 90 points if I can. I'd be quite happy with that. I don't say I wouldn't want to top 100 points again, because it would be quite a feat if I could do it twice. That would be something else.

Maybe I can, and if I do it will be because all the Bruins will be right there with me.

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Everyone in Crete, Neb. loves Doane College, mind you, but it's those other people Doane keeps beating year after year after year who wish Sitting Bull could be given one last chance by SKIP MYSLANSKI

Crete, Neb. (pop. 3,546) is just down the road from Sprague-Marsell (pop. 75), 31 miles east of Doreheiser (pop. 460), and the Gateway to Wilber (pop. 1,358) and the South. It is a Norman Rockwell town cut out of the cornfields, where the big studs still polish their machines during the week then race them on Saturday, where there is but one movie house, one motel, two traffic lights, three caution lights and a train platform between two grain silos. There are no parking meters, and the only full-time dry cleaner went out of business last year when a train ran through his shop. Girls wear skirts to the knees. It's a wholesome town.

At the corner of 13th and Main Street in Crete is the Sportsman Bar and Grill. Each night in the last booth on the left Harvey Kennedy sits over a cup of coffee. Last weekend and the weekend before that and the two weekends before that, Harvey Kennedy, a maintenance man at the Alpo plant back up Route 33, has bet \$100 on the Doane College football team. This wouldn't seem like a daring bet, since Doane College, Crete, Neb., has not lost in its last 33 games and presently has the longest unbeaten streak in college football. Except that Harvey Kennedy, you see, gives 40 points a game.

Now that's not really a bad bet. This year Harvey has just about broken even if he had bet last year, when Doane went 10-0 and finished seventh in the NAIA small-college ratings, he would have won \$200. And if he had been a bit conservative and had given only 30 points, he would have won \$600. Doane not only wins, it wins big.

That Doane, with an enrollment of 738 (492 boys), should become a football power is as surprising as if Ohio State gave up the game. The school itself was founded 97 years ago and, though it started playing football in 1895, never, never before has there been anything like this. There have been celebrities at the school, true. Only last

year Tom Mangelsen, the National Goose Calling Champion, graduated from Doane. Before that there was Wendell Adams, the creator of the "Winston tastes good" jingle. And before that there was the late Robert Taylor, who spent two years at Doane before following his drama teacher to Pomona College. Later, after gaining fame, he returned to receive an honorary degree.

Doane's rise closely paralleled its transition from the comfortably traditional to the hopefully experimental. "Three years ago we decided we had to change," says Charles Hein, the school's publicity director. "We knew we couldn't exist as a college with just 350 kids from Nebraska. We decided to try and create a microcosm of the real world." Until then Doane had been nothing more than the clean-shaven and the short-cut, the sons and daughters of the Midwest. Now there are students from 36 states and 11 foreign countries. There are blacks. There are even, as they call them, hippies ("Why, those people," one student exclaimed. "One night one of them was just sitting in the pine tree in front of the student center playing his flute.") But still there have never been any riots, not even a demonstration. There was a little uneasiness last spring when Charlie Washington and Ernest Chambers, two black leaders from Omaha, spoke at the school. But even that didn't produce any demands.

The only changes caused by the move into the '60s have been small, but typical. This year, for the first time, the school used IBM cards for registration and, despite the resulting confusion, they are here to stay. Also for the first time students have I.D. numbers. And, unbeknownst to the administration, some enterprising capitalists are now importing stag films from New York and showing them off campus.

But the most noticeable changes have come in football. "It used to be that people were happy any time we won a game," says the head coach, Al Papik. He smiles.

LITTLE DOANE THE NATION'S BIGGEST WINNER

1984

Colorado College 24-14
Graceland 34-14

1985

Colorado College 20-14
Tarkio 26-0
Hastings 16-7
Nebraska Wesleyan 6-0
St. Mary (Kans.) 27-6
Peru State 48-7
Concordia (Neb.) 20-20
Graceland 54-7

1987

Colorado College 33-7
Tarkio 57-0
Hastings 21-7
Nebraska Wesleyan 49-7
St. Mary (Kans.) 69-25
Peru State 38-0
Concordia (Neb.) 34-7
Graceland 49-23
Wm. Jewell 14-14

1988

Dana 34-0
Concordia (Neb.) 26-12
Tarkio 61-6
Midland 59-13
SW Minnesota 55-7
Hastings 48-13
Dakota Wesleyan 54-0
Nebraska Wesleyan 77-6
Graceland 62-7
Central Mo. 10-0

1989

Dana 41-0
Concordia (Neb.) 48-14
Tarkio 35-27
Midland 40-16

"But now because we won by only eight points last week I got three letters asking me what happened."

Such spoiled fans—and such winning ways—result from a decision Papik made six years ago. His career record was then a remarkably mediocre 36-36-6, and he had just suffered through a 3-6 season. "I figured that if I was going to keep coaching I was going to do it right," he says, "and if not I was going to get out. So I subscribed to two Chicago newspapers, watched for boys who made any type of all-city or all-suburban team, then sent them letters explaining our type of situation and seeing if they were interested in us. Before it was over we had sent out some 1,600 letters." And two years later there were 27 Chicago-area players at Doane.

But the real jackpot came from Port Arthur, Texas. Paul Broussard, a halfback who had moved from Rantoul, Ill., to Port Arthur, contacted Papik and asked if he could come to Doane. Papik said yes and had his first recruit from Texas, plus a contact in Broussard's high school, Spanish Teacher Clayton Clark. Today five of Doane's starters are from Port Arthur, including the team's two outstanding players, Quarterback Larry Green and Halfback Mike Sallier.

They call Papik The Fox, which fits, he has succeeded under annoying restraints. The school only gives special-ability grants, none worth more than \$1,000, and athletics shares these with drama, music and art. (While the football team was extending its streak to 32, the choir head was in Chicago and the art head was in Boston—both recruiting.) The athletic budget does not allow for extensive travel, so there is no chance for a wider or more rigorous schedule, most of the games taking place in Nebraska or neighboring states. The players get clean underwear at the beginning of each week, but not again until game day ("They stand up by then," one player says). Papik is allowed only 400 feet of film per game, which means Doane has movies of only the first half of each game. And now because of the winning streak, there is even talk of Doane overemphasizing football. "That's what comes with success," says Papik. "But if I'd lost 30 in a row the pressure would be greater."

Right now, for him, there is pressure enough. "The players don't think about the streak," says Green, "but I think the coaches are a little uptight about it." Papik is an excitable man. Three weeks ago when Green was hurt, he spent several nights pacing the kitchen, drinking orange juice. And two weeks ago when Doane fell behind at halftime for the first time in the streak, he sent in a nonexistent play that resulted in Chaplinesque comedy in the backfield. "Yes, I guess there is more stress and strain today," Papik says. "My wife just hopes I get out before we lose."

It shouldn't be this year. Doane has already won its first four games, last week crushing Midland 40-16. Green

and Sallier, the nation's leading college-division player, produce plenty of offense in Papik's simple sweep-trap-counter style of play. Louis Cooper (6' 8", 270) and Kevin Hunt (6' 5", 250) are among the eight players back from a defense that allowed only 64 points in 10 games last year. "We have solid players and a few highly skilled individuals," Papik says, "and that makes the difference on our level."

That should be enough for any coach. But Papik does not take any chances. There is a sign in the coach's office that reads, *UNLESS THIS HOUSE, ON LORD WE PRAY, HANDWRITTEN UNDERNEATH IS A MORE PRACTICAL PLEDGE AND HELP US WIN EVERY TIME WE PLAY.*

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. ARKANSAS (3-0)
3. HOUSTON (1-2)

He went unnoticed through the entire first half, jammed up in Austin's Memorial Stadium with 63,500 of his fellow Americans, but then the Texas band gave him away—first by playing *Ruffles and Flourishes*, then *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Soon the nearest aisle was so crowded that Lyndon B. Johnson retreated to a vacant seat among some high-rank Navy officers in a neighboring section. But, alas, the admiral's defense was no better than the Naval Academy's football team out there on the field. So, midway through the third quarter, L.B.J. formed up his interference into a rough facsimile of the old flying wedge, left the stadium and thereby was spared the boredom of sitting through the final moments of Texas' 56-17 victory over Navy.

Even at that, Johnson stayed around longer than the Longhorns' first team, which left the field for good with 10 minutes left in the second quarter. By that time Texas' offense already had scored four touchdowns—Halfback Ted Kuy scoring two and Quarterback James Street and Halfback Jim Bertelsen accounting for one each—while the Longhorns' defense had yielded Navy a paltry 23 yards. When it was finally over Texas had gained 523 yards on the ground alone, while scoring the school's most points since 1949 and the most ever against the Mid- dies. "This is the worst thing that has hap-

pened to Navy since Pearl Harbor," said Oklahoma Line Coach Pat James, one of six Sooner coaches who were in the press box looking for ways to beat Texas in next week's big game. The victory was Darrell Royal's 100th at Texas, and his team gave him the game ball.

Every other college team in the country may be swept up in the current scoring rage, but not Arkansas, stubborn old Arkansas. The Razorbacks still win games by playing defense. You all do remember defense, right? Against poor Texas Christian, for instance, Arkansas won 24-6 by not letting the Horned Frogs score a touchdown, something Arkansas has not green up in its last 18 quarters. Oh, TCU tried all right. Quarterback Steve Judy directed drives of 73, 93, 73 and 60 yards all without crossing the goal. Three times TCU got inside the Arkansas five, but a couple of Wayne Merritt field goals were the best the Frogs could manage. Meanwhile, Arkansas Quarterback Bill Montgomery pulled the tape off his injured ribs in the first quarter, then passed for two touchdowns before leaving the game with eight minutes left.

After flopping miserably in its first two games, both losses, Houston was up to its old tricks. Faced with the perennial paty of the SEC—Mississippi State—the Cougars kept the Astrodome scoreboard blinking like a pinball machine, running the score all the way up to 74-0. Sophomore Quarterback Gary Mullins (whose nickname, of course, is Moon) completed five of six passes in the first half.

Oklahoma State overcame a 10-0 deficit
continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

to beat Texas Tech 17-10. Tackle John Ward set up the winning touchdown by grabbing a muffed punt, then lumbering 20 yards to the Tech 21. "I'm not coached too much on running," apologized Ward.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (2-0)
2. MISSOURI (3-0)
3. PURDUE (3-0)

The quarterback, No. 15, took the snap from center and sprinted right, along with the entire black-shirted Purdue team. He was supposed to run, he said later, but he looked up and saw all sorts of white Stanford shirts coming at him. So once more he cocked that right arm, and he threw the football. All told, the pass did not go more than five yards, and it did not even count in the official game statistics. But Mike Phipps did not throw a more important pass all day, because when Greg Fenner went among three defenders and gathered it in Purdue had a two-point conversion and a remarkable 16-35 victory over Stanford.

Purdue could have played it safe and kicked the extra point for a tie, but the way Phipps had been playing Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf didn't think one more option play was exactly a gamble. "Phipps is one of the few quarterbacks in the country who could have thrown a pass like that," Mollenkopf said later. "It was 45' behind him and right in between three defenders. We sure would have hated to lose it, but in a game of this kind you play to win."

Phipps, the baby-faced senior from Columbus, Ind., passed for 429 yards and five touchdowns, both school records. He completed 28 of 39—including 13 straight in the last quarter as Purdue came back from a 14-point deficit. The 12th pass in that string was for Purdue's fifth TD, and No. 13 was the two-point conversion. "It was a great comeback," said Mollenkopf.

Only a performance like Phipps' could have overshadowed that of Stanford's own line quarterback, Jim Plunkett, who had been responsible for putting Purdue in the hole it was in. Plunkett threw four TD passes, completing 23 of 46 for 355 yards.

Elsewhere in the Big Nine—Big Nine because everybody knows Ohio State is in a league by itself and can't go to the Rose Bowl anyway—it was not such a happy week. Besides Purdue, only Ohio State (of course) and Iowa (which smashed winless Arizona 31-19) were able to win nonconference games, which makes Purdue the heir apparent to the Rose Bowl berth.

In South Bend, Notre Dame shrugged

off its loss to Purdue and thumped Michigan State 42-28 as Quarterback Joe Thrunmann made like a Lugg-Hearte-Hartman. He hit Ed Ziegler with a 29-yard scoring pass to put the Irish ahead for good, and then Notre Dame helped itself to the most points against State since Michigan scored 55 in 1947. Thrunmann completed 20 of 33 passes for 294 yards.

The Big Ten cr. Nine got an even bigger jolt when Colorado beat Indiana 30-7 behind Tailback Bobby Anderson, who had been a quarterback until only a few days before the game. "I was immensely frustrated with our offense," said Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder. "So I decided to put Anderson at tailback. My coaches said nuts." Anderson scored three times and gained 161 yards, giving him 4,066 yards in career total offense—fourth in Big Eight history. Perhaps Indiana's wide-open offense was bothered by the sloppy field, the result of an early fall storm that dumped 12 inches of snow around the Boulder area.

Two of the East's best teams, Syracuse and Penn State, ventured into the Midwest. The Orangemen swamped Wisconsin 41-7, leaving the Badgers still looking for their first win in three seasons, but Penn State had more trouble than it bargained for before finally beating upcoming Kansas State 17-14. Kansas State Coach Vince Gibson tried to inspire his squad by reciting the tale of *Jock and the dreamtalk* (come on, Vince) but the Wildcats still couldn't chop through Penn State's defensive line. On the way home, Penn State's plane stopped for fuel in Columbus, Ohio, leading one fan to observe, "That's as close as they will come to Ohio State all season."

Michigan fumbled and stumbled against Missouri, losing 40-17 for the Wolverines' first defeat since Bo Schembechler became head coach. Afterward the new coach was fuming, mainly over a blocked punt that Missouri used to break the game open. "A blocked punt is a sin," Schembechler said. The main sin Northwestern committed in a 36-0 loss to UCLA was showing up.

SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (3-0)
2. ALABAMA (3-0)
3. TENNESSEE (3-0)

While most of the South was losing its cotton-picking mind over the hot SEC (page 20), Clemson gave its redoubtable old coach, Frank Howard, one of his finest moments. Heading into its game with Georgia Tech, Clemson had not beaten the Yellow Jackets in their last 10 games, a drought doing

back to 1945. Losing to Tech had become such a tender subject with the otherwise gruff Howard that two years ago, after losing to Tech 13-12 in Atlanta, he sat in the dressing room with tears rolling down his red cheeks, and he told the press that he just hated to come to Atlanta and get beat, then have to go back to Clemson and walk down the street Monday morning.

So after Clemson came from behind to finally beat Tech 21-10, Howard was shouldered off the field by his players, who were bending under his 265 pounds. One observer noted that the scene "much resembled a safari, the elephant getting the ride."

Clemson's No. 1 hero was Tailback Ray Yauger, who gained 146 yards and scored all three touchdowns after being switched from fullback in a surprise move earlier in the week. Two of Yauger's scores came on passes from sophomore Quarterback Tommy Kendrick of Stone Mountain, Ga. Tech's top quarterback, Charles Duderst, had to leave the game after an injury to his left wrist, and then his backup man, Jack O'Neil, was knocked silly.

"When you lose two quarterbacks it hurts," said Tech Coach Bud Carson.

"It sure does," replied Howard, who also has a memory like an elephant. "I've had to play Tech with my two quarterbacks hurt."

All around the country fans were choking on their morning coffee and calling up their local newspapers but, yes, the score was correct. Pitt 14, Duke 12, ending Pitt's most recent losing streak at nine games.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (3-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (4-0)
3. RUTGERS (3-0)

As halftime, with its team leading 10-7, the Harvard band serenaded the Boston University stands—and its team with the *Mickey Mouse Theme*. Normally this would seem like asking for trouble, but the Harvards were not worried. Wasn't their team undefeated in 10 games in a row? Wasn't this funny old Boston U. from across the Charles River, the school that had never beaten Harvard? What was wrong with a little innocent funmaking?

"When the band struck up Mickey Mouse it made us a little mad," said Quarterback Pete Yetten in the dressing room after Boston U. came back for a 13-10 victory. "I think that's the impression that everybody has, that we play Mickey Mouse football. We wanted to show them that we play it another way."

continued



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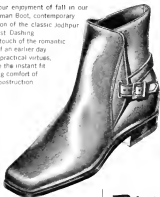
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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

And that they did. Yetten, who had lost his job 10 days earlier, came off the bench in the second half and threw the game-winning pass to Gary Capshaw. On defense, Boston U. held Harvard to only 100 yards total offense. After the victory, the third straight for Boston U., the players carried Coach Larry Nixtaux off the field.

"You have a good football team," Nassim told Harvard's John Yowagan.

* Thank you, but you have a better one," replied Yoda, smiling considerably more class than his school's band.

About 1,000 fans, many of them wearing big stickers, followed Texas A&M to West Point for the game with Army, and the Aggies rewarded them with a 20-13 upset over what was supposed to be one of the best teams in the East. It was the first win of the year for Texas A&M and Army's first loss. The visitors' sophomore quarterback, Rocky Self, called his own number frequently, then befuddled the Cadets with his keepers, fakes, rollouts and passes.

West Virginia and surprising Rutgers each picked up easy victories. In Morgantown, West Virginia won 12-0 over VMI, the only major team in the nation without a point after three games. The Mountaineers' regulars sat out all the last half, but national scoring leader Jim Braxton still managed to run his total to 66 points with a touchdown, two field goals and two extra points. Rutgers Quarterback Rich Pelicciaro, the nation's leading percentage passer, had an "off" day, completing a mere 16 of 27, as the Scarlet Knights beat Cornell 21-7.

WEST

1. USC (3-0)
2. UCLA (4-0)
3. STANFORD (2-1)

Since the same team cannot represent the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl two years in a row, Ohio State got as close to Pasadena as it will come this season by flying out to Seattle to play Washington. The Buckeyes ended what Coach Woody Hayes often calls the exhibition portion of their season by doing in the Huskies 41-14 to run the nation's longest major winning streak to 16. The rest of Ohio State's schedule is within the conference and, as the Buckeyes landed back in Columbus, Hayes said, "Now we can get down to some football."

If that means what it sounds like, then at season's end Washington may be able to look back on last Saturday's game with considerable pride. After all, they did stop Ohio State's first two drives, but then cool junior Quarterback Rex Kern got away on a 60-

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yard scoring run and the Buckeyes were on their way to 502 yards total offense. When Kern was not skirting Washington's flanks or picking apart the defense with his passing, fullback Jim Ottis was hitting the line in his usual sledgehammer way, good this game for three touchdowns. Washington seemed to have more trouble figuring out its new triple-option Y offense than did Ohio State's defense.

Southern Cal fans cannot help comparing their new tailback, Clarence Davis, with the

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Mike Phipps, the latest—and perhaps the greatest—of Purdue's line of passers (Dale Samuels, Len Dawson, Bob Griese) threw for a two-point conversion—his 11th straight completion—to beat Stanford 36-15.

THE LINEBACKER: Alabama Offensive Guard Alvin Samples made the holes for all three of his team's rushing touchdowns, then came in at middle guard to help stop a late Ole Miss drive as the Crimson Tide won 33-12.

ghost of Orenthal James, much the way baseball fans like to point out that such-and-such home run hitter is X many games ahead of Babe Ruth's record. It was Davis up the middle over and again as the Trojans beat Oregon State 31-7 in Corvallis. His final statistics—181 yards in 29 carries—gave him 460 yards for the year and put him 18 yards ahead of O.J.'s total in his first three games.

"They keep you so scared of that draw play with Davis," said Oregon State Coach Dee Andros, "that it opens up their passing game—and that kills you." Indeed, Jimmy Jones, USC's sophomore quarterback, passed for 103 yards and three TDs.

With 53 seconds left, California trailed Rice 21-17 in Berkeley, but Cal had the ball on the Rice 41. Quarterback Steve Curtis, a junior-college transfer, put the ball in the air, and Fred Jim Calkins leaped over his defenders to make the catch and give Cal the lead. Exactly 24 seconds later Linebacker Paul Martyr intercepted a Rice pass and returned it 25 yards to finish off the Owls 31-21. Afterward, Coach Ray Wilkey blubbered, "I told the team that we had to stop being lucky and start being good. Yet the luckiest people I know are the good people. The good people are the lucky people, not the bad people." Undoubtedly there is a message there somewhere.

Taking his coach's advice to run more, Utah Quarterback Ray Groth got loose for an 80-yard touchdown as the Redskins beat UTEP 24-6. New Mexico ended a 21-game losing streak by beating stumbling Kansas 16-7 in Albuquerque.

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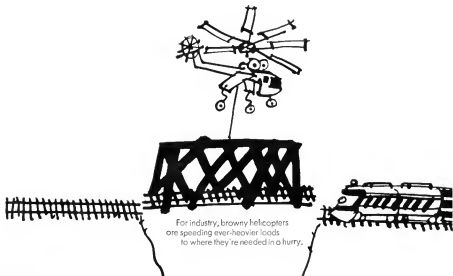


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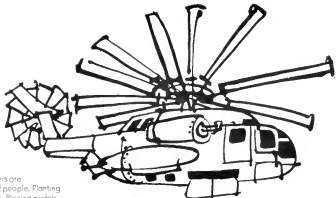
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♦ "Tennis court or Congress, a man in Washington has to be on his toes," observed Texas Congressman George Bush (above, right), playing tennis with Pastmaster General Winton Blount on the White House court. Bush's father, Prescott Bush, a former Senator from Connecticut, was once the USGA president and at the age of 74 still shoots golf in the low 80s; his uncle, Joe Wear, was a captain of the Davis Cup team and his grandfather, George Herbert Walker, also a onetime USGA president, was the donor of the Walker Cup. Congressman Bush upholds all this sporty tradition and is an excellent athlete himself, but this particular match was not his lined hour. "Don't form and grace court for anything!" he asked, viewing the photograph. No He and Pastmaster Blount lost.

They are pressed for press space in the White House and word is out that President Nixon is considering covering over the presidential swimming pool. Completed in 1933, the pool was a gift to President Roosevelt from hundreds of thousands of schoolchildren, who contributed their pennies. It was most exten-

sively used by Roosevelt and Kennedy, for whom it was a therapeutic boon, but Truman and Johnson enjoyed sloshing about in it, and Eisenhower liked watching his grandchildren swim. Nixon, of course, is a salt-water man himself, and the press does need more room, but however sound the idea, the Administration will undoubtedly have to finance the conversion—children may be more sophisticated today, but mad in enough pennies to build a press room!

"I didn't see a penny of these checks," said the young horsewoman of two prizes she had won, the checks having been made out to her mother. "Checks are always made out to the owner [of the horse] to protect the rider's amateur status," said a spokesman for the bank that issued them—explaining why Queen Elizabeth, and not Princess Anne, was some \$19 richer.

Ozlie Nelson played football for Rutgers some years ago, which is one reason he was invited to introduce the team captains during halftime at the Princeton-Rutgers game celebrating college football's centennial. One reason he accepted, claims wife Har-

riet, "was that he wanted to spike rumors that he played in the first game."

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Gene Rosendes is head of the massive attempt to stop the smuggling of drugs from Mexico, a campaign called Operation Intercept. Since Rosendes was an outstanding quarterback at Columbia (1945-48), presumably the idea is that the best defense is a good offense.

Senator Goldwater, a flying enthusiast of longstanding, recently received the National Aviation Club's Award for Achievement and remarked, at the close of his acceptance speech, "I like airplanes and aviation. They're like sex, and I'll be after them both as long as I can." Evidently his yonder remains wild and blue.

♦ "I used to sit at home and let my stomach grow," announced Ingemar Johansson, now 37, "but my divorce from Beppi has transformed me!" Well, it hasn't transformed him quite enough. Even Ingo admits that his present 260 pounds are some 50 too many for serious contention in



the boxing rings of Europe, and he is currently sweating out 10 to 15 hard sparring rounds every day. "Three months more and Ingo will mop up the floor with the European champ," says his trainer, Nasse Blomberg, but Ingemar is somewhat more vague. "I have a yen to box again," he says, "now that I don't have a housewife to keep me from doing it."

In the latest issue of the *Horsemen's Journal*, Al Wescon, who used to be the publicist for Hollywood Park, tells of asking racing fan Cary Grant why he had never bought a racehorse. Replied Grant, "I might have." Some time ago, he explained, "Howard Hawks, who raised and raced horses, kept bugging me to buy a horse or two and race my own. One day he told me that he had cut me and another friend in on a racehorse. Pretty soon I was getting these bills for one-third of shoeing, veterinarians, medicines, training, hay, special water, all kinds of stuff I'd never heard of. I paid the bills, but never saw the horse, didn't know its name, its sex—if any—or if it ever ran. Finally I asked this other fellow, 'Did we really go in on a horse with Howard?' He said he thought so—one evening at a party where we three were together. But he was a bit hairy and wasn't any more sure than I. He said there might have been a little drinking at the time. They sometimes do that at parties, you know. So that's my career in the horse business. Was I or was I not ever in it? You tell me."

O. J. Simpson is now observing, "I just can't believe what the Government takes out of your pay. I paid the Government more in one check last week than I made all last year!" Well, he can't blame that on Ralph Wilson. The Bills' president was perfectly willing to help O.J. stay out of his new tax bracket.



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He took the biscuits for Seamus McGrath

At better than 50 to 1 on Irish colt named Levmoos and a jockey who thought he had no chance won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest race over the toughest uphill, down-dale course in the world

Traffic conditions were even more frantic than usual in Paris last Sunday, and strangers found themselves sharing taxis as 40,000 racegoers hamled their way out of the hot city through the shaded, winding roads of the Bois de Boulogne to Longchamp's immense and beautiful racetrack. There, for the 48th time, some of the world's finest Thoroughbreds would shortly contest the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. In one such cab a couple of fellow travelers introduced themselves. The little guy allowed as how he was an Australian jockey named William Williamson, whose main claim to fame in Paris was that a year ago he had won the Arc on Vaguely Noble. The other man said his name was Everett Clay and that he was the publicity director of Hialeah racecourse in Miami, a famous city in

the Southern part of the United States. The taxi chugged and splattered on.

If Williamson had been an American jockey on his way to Hialeah's Flamingo Stakes, Ev Clay would have been able to recite not only what the lad had eaten for breakfast that morning but also what marks he had once struggled to achieve in eighth-grade math. But Clay had no real form on the Aussie and settled instead for a typical question: "What chances have you got today?" Williamson didn't take long to come up with his answer: "I'm riding the third and fourth races and I haven't any real chance in either of them." So casual was his reply that he neglected to note that the fourth race was, indeed, the Arc itself.

A few hours later, as Clay battled for position in the packed stands in an almost futile attempt to see what went on in the Arc behind the woods and over the distant hills, he suddenly became aware that his taxi mate was about to achieve a sensational upset on an Irish long shot named Levmoos who had gone to the post at the sky-high odds of 52 to 1. In one of the most stirring finishes ever seen in this greatest of European classics—and certainly over the most difficult up-and-down terrain for any runner to handle—Williamson somehow got Levmoos to hold out by three-quarters of a length over the crushing English mare Park Top. Three lengths away was the French Grandier, a length ahead of another long shot, Lady Sassoon's Candy Cane. Behind them came the favorite, Prince Regent, and 19 others from six countries.

Unless the Arc has a real standout, such as a Ribot, a Sea-Bird or even a Vaguely Noble, it usually provides its audience with some major surprises. The two biggest surprises last week were the magnificent performance—Williamson's prognostication notwithstanding—of Levmoos and the failure of Countess de la Valdene's Prince Regent to make a

better showing of it. Still, the Prince hadn't raced since winning the Irish Sweeps Derby in late June and there are those who feel that any Arc contender should have a stiff preliminary within a month or six weeks of this difficult assignment. The countess herself, a sister of the brothers Winston and Raymond Guest, is more inclined to go along with her highly successful trainer, Etienne Pollet. Says she, "Pollet doesn't believe in running his good horses on the hard turf during the hot summer, for that's when they are most apt to break down. He would far prefer to wait until September for their hard training. What hethers me, however, is that there are often too many starters, including some who clearly do not belong. Oh, well, we'll have a good gallop, but the results are in the laps of the gods."

Well, last Sunday the Irish gods out-hustled the French gods, and the Longchamp starter got slightly the better of Jockey Geoff Lewis on Prince Regent. For when the field of 24 came away from the gates down by the Old Moulin and started on its way up the hill behind Le Petit Bois, there was Prince Regent dead last and nothing for Lewis to look at but 23 rumps up ahead. Lester Piggott, who had won the first three races on this dreamy, cloudless, blue-sky afternoon, had Park Top in the middle of the pack, while the pace was being set by the Italian Bonconte di Montefeltro, the Epsom Derby winner Blakeley and, oddly enough, Levmoos. This toughie, owned and trained by Seamus McGrath, had been discounted by most as an Arc threat on the grounds that the classic would be—of all things—too short for him. Levmoos had firmly established his reputation as the top stayer in Europe through victories in the 2½-mile Ascot Gold Cup and the 2½-mile Prix du Cadran. But Owner-Trainer McGrath crossed up the experts in the days before the Arc by putting some speed works into his charge and then giv-



MRS. MCGRATH PETS HER ARC WINNER

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ing Williamson instructions to go with the pace, set it if need be and not to rely on a late run.

So well did Williamson and Levmos complement one another's natural talents that, with the Aussie skillfully saving ground throughout on the rails, Levmos was never worse than sixth and was always within striking distance. With him in the first bunch as the field reached the top of the hill before starting the charge down the long right-hand bend that eventually leads to the three-eighths-of-a-mile uphill homestretch were Bonconte, Chaparral, Blakeney, Remand, Shoemaker and Goodly. Park Top was well back, with Prince Regent still loitering among the lotters. Turning for home the speed that had carried the early leaders this far deserted all of them save Levmos, who now ascended the huge gathering by opening daylight between himself and his pursuers. Piggott was working his way frantically with Park Top to get running room on the outside, while Lewis was now barreling through the middle with Prince Regent, over and around tired horses. But for him there was simply no more time and no more room. For Piggott, however, there was one more chance, and he rode Park Top furiously to achieve it. Two furlongs from the finish he was in 10th place. Then he began flying with his brave mare. She passed eight horses in front of the stands but could not quite reach the ninth. It was far from a disgrace for Park Top, for in gaining his victory Levmos was forced to break Sotnikov's 7-year-old Arc record with a superb clocking of 2:29.

"No, I don't think we'll try the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel," said McGrath later, as he watched Levmos win again on the televised rerun. "He's been good to us, he's done just about everything we've asked of him and he should probably have a nice long rest instead of going to America." Certainly McGrath can afford to give his winner a rest after his \$213,400 victory. In fact, the McGrath clan cuts things up pretty nicely already in Ireland. Brother Joe breeds the horses, Seamus trains them and brother Paddy runs the Irish Sweepstakes. "I've had a lot of good horses," said Seamus, "but I think this one takes the biscuits. In fact, I know he does." Even Jockey William Williamson would have to agree on that.

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land's Piers Courage and Belgium's Jackie Ickx, but also would have to shade the 500 winner and American champion, Mario Andretti, who had won the U.S.A.C. title only two weeks before Andretti's addition to the Lotus team gave Manager Colin Chapman a veritable murderer's row: double world champion Graham Hill, the aggressively quick Rindt and minuscule Mario, whose physical stature is in inverse proportion to his racing skill. Though Andretti rarely appears on the Formula 1 circuit (Sunday's Grand Prix was only his fourth), he has logged thousands of road-racing miles.

With the stage thus set, the crowd began funneling into the Glen at mid-week. The weather was just what the clothes-conscious car set ordered—sunny and changeable, demanding at least three separate wardrobes. Fun furs and hush jackets walked side by side through the muddy infield. It wasn't at all unusual to see a girl warming her ears inside a fuzzy balaclava while her toes turned blue in a pair of open Spanish sandals. A tent city of 40,000 inhabitants lined along the ridges in green and yellow and deer-buster red. What with the autumnal chill, local entrepreneurs did a thriving business in firewood (\$1 for six sawing sticks), and woodsmoke eluded constantly over the course, mixing with the anomalous smells of perfume and automobile exhaust and, of course, the odd whiff of pot, though the scene was mind-blowing enough without it.

In one section of the campsite a band of Navy white hats from the submarine base at New London, Conn. arrived in a camper replete with generator and stereo set which blasted rock music over the area in counterpoint to the savage sound of motors. During the frosty night many of the campers flocked around with six-packs of beer strapped to their belts, looking for action and warmth. Empty beer cans festooned the saplings. More than 150 police patrolled the area after dark, making some 25 arrests on charges ranging from drug possession to "criminal mischief" (stealing out-house doors for firewood). A night court set up on the site handled the cases with dispatch.

For those desirous of country delights, the Watkins Glen area offered an abundance. Rugged stands were gaudy with frost-flecked squash, husky tomatoes and pumpkins the size of medicine balls. This

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is the heart of Western New York State's peach and grape belt, and flashes of rich purple winked from the arbors. Anyone who got bored with greengroceries or car talk could turn on to geology by taking a 1½-mile stroll through Watkins Glen's "world famous" gorge. Then there were the thrills of the town itself, a compact little burg located at the south end of Seneca Lake. The visiting thrill-seeker could take in a sensational flock (99 Women, rated X at the local hymn), peruse the footwear at the Haghey Boot Shop (the windows of which were plastered with pictures of that eminent connoisseur of shoe leather, J. Stewart) or munch an excellent local hot sausage while sipping a zestful glass of Fyfe & Drum ("the official Grand Prix beer") at a roadside snack tent.

Such adventures in tourism had to come to an end on Friday with the beginning of two days of qualifying runs. The car people reassembled at trackside to watch the battle for starting positions in rain followed by fog. The record lap time for the Glen's pear-shaped, hilly course is 1:02.21, set earlier this year in a Can-Am race by New Zealander Bruce McLaren and one of his hefty seven-liter Group 7 cars. The smaller three-liter Formula 1 cars couldn't hope to beat that time, which converts to 133.10 mph, but they hoped to get down close to it. In the rain, the fastest anyone could turn was a slippery 112 mph, but driving "in the wet" made for a lot of expert conversation on the comparative virtues of rain tires. On performance, Dunlop's new CR65 rain tire, on which the center rib is grooved out to prevent aquaplaning, seemed superior. Mounted on the Matra-Fords of Stewart and his French teammate, Jean-Pierre Beltoise, it helped turn some of the day's fastest times.

By Saturday, when the chips were down for final starting positions, the track had dried thoroughly, though steely clouds still glowered over the course. Off came the rain tires and on came the quicks. All through the noisy, chilly afternoon the lap times for the leaders dropped and dropped again. In winning the pole position for last year's U.S. Grand Prix, Andretti had set a Formula 1 record of 1:04.2 (126.97 mph). That mark fell first to Denis Hulme, who turned the course in his orange McLaren-Ford at 1:29.07. Then Stewart cut

loose with three successive laps that all broke the 1:04 barrier, his fastest converting to 129.84 mph. That seemed to unleash the tiger in everyone's tank, for during the next hour and a half both Rindt and Hulme did even better, while names came down generally. Only one second separated the top nine cars. Practice was extended for a quarter of an hour after Jackie Ickx spun out at 170 mph on the Big Bend, a long and demanding curve coming out of the backstretch. Whatever the cause, the effect was to send the Belgian's green Brabham-Ford into a triple spin, ending up in an embankment that jammed its nostrils with burdock and buffalo grass. Both car and driver were unhurt, and Ickx—winner of the Canadian GP two weeks before—came back to qualify eighth. Andretti, in a four-wheel-drive Lotus, could qualify no better than 13th. Rindt ultimately won the pole position, plus \$1,000 in special prize money, with a time of 1:03.62 (130.15 mph), a fragile .03 second ahead of Hulme. Stewart had to be

satisfied with the second row and the third-best qualifying time.

Race day broke cold and clear, only the second sunny Grand Prix day in the Glen's eight years as site of the U.S. championship. Even before the green flag fell, one car was out: McLaren popped a piston on a warmup lap. Then Silvio Moser's Brabham-Ford spewed a geyser of radiator water on the grid, delaying the start. When the flag dropped, Stewart—with the foot of a frustrated drag racer—leaped quickly into second place, then on the 12th lap broke ahead of the leader, Rindt. Up through the hilly Esses beyond the start-finish line, Jackie seemed to gain, but he was sliding a bit coming out of the course's last 45-mph, right-angle corner. Taking advantage of that, the Austrian snuck inside Stewart on the 21st lap and was never again headed. It was the first Grand Prix victory for the lean, green-hatted Lotus driver, and an immensely gratifying one. Though Stewart retired on the 35th lap with an irreparable oil leak, Rindt had

nipped him fair and square beforehand. His average speed of 126.36 mph also bettered Stewart's 1968 record of 124.89.

Mario Andretti never got beyond the first lap (his left rear was clipped in traffic and he pulled in), but the only serious shunt of the day occurred toward the end. When Graham Hill rolled his Lotus on the back reaches of the course, Hill's left leg was broken in two or three places above the knee, none of the fractures piercing the skin. After a fine run for second, Jackie Ickx blew his engine on the 78th lap and the \$20,000 in runner-up money went to Piers Courage, who lived up to his name by staying off heavy passes by veteran Jack Brabham toward the end of the 248.4-mile race. Courage also won "man of the race" honors and \$5,000 extra from BOAC. For Jackie Stewart, win No. 7—if it comes—will have to wait for Mexico City on Nov. 2. But if Jim Clark's record remains inviolate, his good friend and fellow Scot would not be too bitterly disappointed. **END**



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Pennies in a golden age

Lee Trevino missed a boodle at the Aiken. There was no boodle at the World Cup in Singapore, but there was more than money to be won

In what has become—quite literally—the golden age of professional golf, the scene in Singapore last week had refreshing, amateur-type overtones. A record 45 two-man teams from all over the world gathered to play, for prestige—and peanuts—in the 17th annual World Cup Championship (formerly the Canada Cup). The top prize was only \$1,000, a sum to be scorned in these days of dollar divotry. No fat fees were paid to lure big-ticket talent. All the pros got for showing up was a \$500 "honorarium," \$100 worth of walking-around money and their air fares paid to Singapore—economy class. This time they were playing not for coin but for country, and most were glad of the chance.

Take Lee Trevino. Only the week before he had blown the biggest first-prize check in golf history by frittering away a six-stroke lead on the last three holes of the Aiken Goller of the Year tournament in Portland, Ore. That cost him a cool \$40,000—the difference between \$55,000 for first and \$15,000 for second. But money wasn't on his mind at Singapore. "Sure, I could make a lot more back home," he said, "but this is something special, an honor, a chance to play for my country and meet a lot of nice foreign folks. I'd play in the World Cup every year if they asked me, and pay my own way, too, if I had to. I was supposed to play a round in the CBS TV Classic in Akron this week, but I told them the World Cup came first with me, and if they couldn't change their schedule, then forget about me. They changed."

Trevino got into the World Cup by the back door this year. Normally the U.S. Open and PGA champions comprise the team, but PGA winner Ray Floyd backed out, and Lee leaped at the chance to team with his close friend, Orville Moody. The galleries last week were the winners because of the switch, but the fact that a change was necessary underscores the difficulty in hold-

ing a no-money tournament these days, no matter how prestigious. Floyd wasn't the only no-show who was qualified to play. South Africa's Gary Player accepted the invitation and then reneged. Britain's Tony Jacklin and New Zealand's Bob Charles begged off on grounds of other commitments. It is no coincidence that Floyd, Player, Jacklin and Charles are all managed by golf's best-known manager, Mark McCormack. McCormack makes sure that his golfers make as much money as possible, which is only good business—especially for McCormack, who takes a cut of their winnings as well as a fee. Whether it is good for golf is another matter. In any event, all of McCormack's big names were missing at Singapore.

Tournament Director Fred Corcoran says, "This is one pro event where you don't have a dollar sign staring you in the face on every tee. It's playing for the sake of international goodwill in pro golf. Now this may sound like a conny idea, but we like it, and we aim to keep it that way, big names or no."

McCormack actually may have done the International Golf Association a favor if he did indeed withhold Floyd, by forcing the substitution of Trevino, who has the biggest and most engaging mouth in pro golf today. Lee arrived late from his Aiken fiasco, but assured everybody he was unworried. "Depressed? Not me. I always play for tomorrow. Never look back." In his only pre-tournament crack at the 6,693-yard Bukit course of the Singapore Island Country Club he shot 69 and pronounced himself ready. The lippy Trevino and the taciturn Moody (who had five practice rounds of 67 and 66) were installed almost automatically as favorites by Singapore's hardheaded Chinese betting fraternity. After all, the U.S. had won nine team titles and six individual championships in the 16 previous matches, and U.S. pros were better acquainted with four-day pressures than any of their

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rials, Canada's defending champions, Al Balding and George Knudson, were not playing well in practice, and punters plunged heavily on the "Yanks."

Semifinal favorites were the Czechoslovaks and Rumanians. Rumania was competing in the World Cup for the first time, represented by Paul Tomita and Munteanu Dumitru, co-pros at Bucharest's Cercul Diplomatic de Sporturi Bancasa. They quickly took a stranglehold on last place and stayed there, but plainly enjoyed the rare opportunity to play outside Rumania. Playing in their fifth World Cup, Czechoslovakia's Jiri Dvorak and Jan Kusta were on the brink of disqualification when Dvorak suffered a kidney stone attack after finishing the third round. He was rushed to a hospital for treatment, then ignored the doctor's orders by playing the final round. Despite great pain Dvorak managed a gritty 80. The Czechs finished fourth from the bottom.

At the top of the list Trevino and Moody faced challenges from Argentina and a handful of Asian nations. The indestructible Roberto De Vicenzo, who helped Argentina to the first team championship back in 1953 at Montreal and who won individual honors himself in 1962 in Buenos Aires, showed up in Singapore exhausted from a 40-hour flight from home. But Roberto was soon smiling again when he heard that next year's cup matches will return to Buenos Aires. "I will be happy at home," he said, and he was hardly sad at Singapore, challenging all the way for individual honors and scoring a course-record 65 in the final round to finish second.

The Bukit course favored Asian teams, which are usually made up of short hitters and pinpoint putters. Most Asian competitors had played Bukit before on the annual Asian tour, and were familiar with the tricky Serangoon grass on the greens. Singapore's 90°-plus heat and horrendous humidity were also old hat to Asian players but took their toll of others. Trevino and Moody swore they had never played in such onerous weather, even in Texas.

The Nationalist Chinese team from Taiwan was one to watch. Taiwan had either held or shared the lead for three days at Rome last year before folding in the final round to finish fourth. Once again the Chinese were fast off the mark. Approaching the small, hard-to-hold

greens well, Hsieh Yung-yo and Hsu Chi San shared first place with Trevino and Moody the first day and edged ahead of the U.S. by a single shot at the halfway point. The smooth-swinging Hsieh, who won the Singapore Open on the Bukit course last year and was low overall scorer on this year's Asian circuit of seven tournaments, put together 66 and 70 for a one-stroke lead over Moody and De Vicenzo for individual honors and the international trophy after 36 holes.

But the big surprise of the tournament was the virtually unknown Thailand team of Sukree Onchum, 26, and Suchin Suwanapongs, 22, who are pros at the tiny 5,400-yard par-64 Royal Bangkok Sports Club course that is mostly confined to the infield of a racetrack. Neither had ever won a major event outside Thailand and there was little evidence they could handle Bukit. But they handled it beautifully, and in true team spirit. Onchum had 67 the first day while Suwanapongs scored 72. Then they turned around on the second day, with Suwanapongs carding eight birdies with his hot putter for 67 while Onchum managed 73. That left the Thais at 279, tied with Argentina, just one shot behind Trevino and Moody and only two back of Taiwan.

On the first two days the Thais were paired with also-rans. Then for the third round they were thrust into the big time with Argentina, playing just ahead of the U.S. and Taiwan. Far from crumpling, the Thais reacted like old hands, and halfway through the third round roared into the lead, past the straggling Chinese and Americans. But the Thai lead was short-lived. The two former caddies had been too nervous to take breakfast Saturday morning, and the heat and humidity got to them on the back nine. "We both bent out," said Onchum, a tiny 5'2" 114-pounder who nonetheless managed another 67. A 73 by Suwanapongs left the Thai team third after 54 holes—only three shots behind going into the final day.

Taiwan's Hsieh, with 69, and Hsu, with 70, regained the lead from Thailand on the last four holes on Saturday, while playing head to head with Moody and Trevino, and increased their margin over the Americans to two shots going into the final round. "We want win bad," said Hsieh, "to get invite to

American Masters, we hope." With an eight-under-par 205, Hsieh clung to a two-stroke lead for individual honors over the surprising little Onchum. The Americans felt frustrated. "We just couldn't gain on those Chinese," lamented Moody. "They're tough little competitors." Trevino, recalling the Chinese collapse at Rome in the final round last year, promised, "We'll catch 'em tomorrow for sure."

Trevino was good as his word. On Sunday he and Moody blanketed their Asian challengers in a blizzard of birdies. By the end of the first six holes the Americans were far in front, and wound up easy winners by eight strokes over the steady Japanese. Argentina finished fast to take third. Taiwan and Thailand shared fourth place, followed by the Philippines.

Though the Thai team was quickly outclassed in the last round, little Sukree Onchum held the individual lead most of the way and was even with Trevino and De Vincenzo coming to the final green. But Onchum trapped his approach and bogeyed. Trevino ran down a 30-foot putt for a birdie to match De Vincenzo's newly set course record of 65 and win the individual championship with 275. "If I'da played that way in the Alcan I'd be rich," he said. But there was no regret in his voice. At the award ceremony Trevino donated the prize money (\$1,000 for low individual score and \$1,000 for low team score) for the establishment of a scholarship fund for caddies at the Bukit club. Juan Trophe, IGA president, hailed the move as "a wonderful gesture, in keeping with the spirit of the World Cup."

Trevino was the dramatic winner but Thailand's Onchum was the hero of the 6,000-strong gallery—biggest in Singapore's history. Moody, who had contributed a fine 69 on the final round, and Trevino hoisted Onchum into the air after he holed out and carried him off the 18th green in triumph.

Dave Thomas of Wales, the man who won the most money at Singapore, finished far down the list in both team and individual competitions. Thomas scored a hole in one at the 224-yard 12th on the second day and got \$3,333 and a round-the-world air ticket for his shot. Only in the World Cup could that insignificant sum be high money in golf's golden age.

END

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THE GAME THAT WAS

By Myron Cope

In the decades that preceded the unblinking camera's eye, professional football was a very different life. Its famous figures can still be found—on a farm here, in a parlor there—and as they talk they evoke memories of an American sport and an America that is gone forever

ED HEALEY (1920-1927. Rock Island Independents, Chicago Bears)

We had never met, but as I came through the gate and entered the South Bend air-terminal building I guessed from his size that the big man in the straw hat was Ed Healey. When Chicago Bears Owner George Halas, in 1922, purchased Healey's contract from the Rock Island Independents for \$100, Healey became—so far as is known—the first pro football player to be sold. Now, in steel-framed glasses and a dark suit, his appearance was that of a successful man, a retired banker. We drove in his cream-colored Continental to the South Bend Club, where, in the card room, we were served lunch by his favorite waiter, Albert. Then we proceeded north across the line into Michigan and swung off the road into Riverbrook Farm. It was not a large farm, and when Ed Healey decided that his retirement, so to speak, should be one of activity, he let the help go in order to reduce the farming operation to what he could handle alone. We talked in a knotty-pine study whose walls were liberally appointed with remembrances of the past. Healey sat

continued





THE GAME continued

by an open window that looked out on a backyard running down through sycamores and walnuts and locusts to the St. Joseph River. A fine June breeze came up from the river and, like the movement of the breeze itself, vivid memories of an era long ended flowed across Ed Healey's mind. He had played the tackle position—standing 6' 1½" and 220 pounds, he earned a reputation in the 1920s for toughness—a reputation that carried him into the Hall of Fame. "He was at good a tackle as I've ever seen," Red Grange told me at another stop in my travels through pro football's past. "He was an absolutely vicious football player."

With reference to my fashioning a successful career in professional football, all that came about, as I witness it now, by reason of my growing up on a farm and putting on acts such as this, the hogs would get loose and Dad would say, "Now, Ed, we've got to get those hogs back in the pen before we start work today." He would turn me loose and I would come up with a flying tackle and snare that hog, and Father would say, "Eddie, you're a good boy. You're a good boy, Eddie." That's the way he encouraged me. My father taught me never to be afraid to work and to give of myself to the utmost. That led to punishing myself, particularly when it came to athletics. At the time it might have seemed a little burdensome, but it paid dividends later in life. As a matter of fact, here I am at 75 and I'm going all the time.

Our farm was located just outside of Springfield, Mass., and at Classical High in Springfield I was big enough that the coach asked me to come out for football, so I addressed Dad one day and said, "Dad, I've been asked to go out for football. How about it?" Father said that it would be with his approval. So I started to play football, and it came sort of natural for me. Fear was most remote in my makeup. I mean, I loved bodily contact. I just thrived on it. I ate it up. If you have the stuff inside you then you should be ignited by reason of being plugged by somebody.

In time I attended Dartmouth College. Now I should explain that Dad not only had the farm but also had a number of teams that conveyed traprock used for building roads. He had teamsters working for him who had come from Ireland. They were all tough Turks—I always called them Turks—and they were a grand group of men. But they loved the spirits, and sometimes somebody had to finish their work for them, which usually befell to me. When I got this offer to play for Dartmouth I said to Father, "Dad, really I'm getting kind of tired of this business that you're in, being exposed to these booze hounds that run into these saloons." And he said, "Well, Eddie, I've never had an education, and I want you to have one. I'm glad you're going to Dartmouth. It's up there where you won't be troubled with a lot of women, and you'll like the kind of things that they have there. You'll like the hunting and trapping and fishing." I loved Dartmouth.

After Dartmouth and a year in the war I landed in Omaha. My primary object was to get West into the open spaces, into the kind of country that I thought I might enjoy. I obtained employment loading beef into railroad cars. It was a comedown for a college man, yes, but let me say this to you—there wasn't very much to be had. It was 1920 and there was a recession on, there surely was. One day I ran into Ed (Buck) Shaw, who had been the captain of the University of Nebraska football team. He said to me, "You tell me you're from Dartmouth?" I said, "Yes, I am," and then he referred to a copy of the *Spoiling Guide* that he was carrying. It had my picture in it. So he said, "I see they organized a pro league over at Canton, Ohio." I said, "Well, where is the nearest team?" and he told me it was in Rock Island, Ill., which was about 400 miles across Iowa, the state of tall corn. So on a Friday night I hopped the train and went over there. I announced to the Rock Island club that I was a Dartmouth football player, and they referred to the *Spoiling Guide* and said, well, we're looking for men like you. I signed up and played for them two years.

In '22 the Rock Island Independents sold me to the Chicago Bears following a game that I remember as clearly as if it were just played today. Just listen carefully. We had a great team! We had lost just once. And on the Sunday prior to Thanksgiving we played the Bears at Wrigley Field.

Now understand, in Chicago the officialdom was such that on occasion it made it a little difficult for the outsider to win. On this day the game was really a tight one. In fact, it was going along 0-0. George Halas, who along with Dutch Sternaman owned the Bears and played for them, was at right end, the opponent for myself, who was the left tackle. Halas had a habit of grabbing ahold of my jersey, see? My sleeve. That would throw me a little off balance. It would twist me just enough so that my head wasn't going where I was going.

So I said to Halas on a couple of occasions, "You know, George, I've often heard that you were getting old awfully young." I didn't enjoy being the victim with reference to this holding, so I forewarned him of what I intended to do about it. Likewise it was necessary for me to forewarn the head linesman, whose name was Roy. I said, "Now, Roy, I understand to start with that you're on the payroll of the Bears. I know that your eyesight must be failing you, because this man Halas is holding me on occasion and it is completely destroying all the things that I'm designed to do." I said, "Roy, in the event that Halas holds me again I am going to commit mayhem."

Now bear in mind, please, that we had a squad of about 15 or 16 men. Neither Duke Slater, our right tackle, nor I had a substitute on the bench. So I said, "Roy, you can't put me out of the game, because we don't have another tackle. And I can't really afford to be put out of this ball game because of your failure to call Halas' hold-

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ing. I have notified him, and now I am about to commit mayhem."

Well, the condition of the field was muddy and slippery—a very unsafe field. Halas pulled his little trick once more, and I come across with a right, because his head was going to my right. Fortunately for him he slipped, and my fist went whizzing straight into the terra firma, which was soft and mucky. My fist was buried. When I pulled it out it was with an effort like a suction pump. But I'm telling you, I felt very, very happy that I had not connected. Had I connected I might have dismantled Halas. This was on a Sunday, and on the following Tuesday, I believe it was, I was told to report to the Bears. George Halas had bought me for \$100.

I was the first professional football player to have his contract sold, but at the time I knew nothing about that. I mean, I was totally not cognizant of the fact that I was actually the Bears' property. But I went to Chicago as instructed and talked with Halas and Sternaman in their "private" office, which was the lobby of the Planters Hotel. They offered to pay me \$75 a game. I said, "I wouldn't sit on your bench for \$75 a game." So after a discussion of remuneration, which lasted two hours, they agreed, and rightfully so, to pay me 100 bucks a game. Two days later I played 60 minutes on Thanksgiving Day against the Chicago Cardinals and learned a lot about Chicago and the atmosphere that existed there.

In that game Halas raced downfield on a punt to tackle Paddy Driscoll, the Cardinal star, but Halas wasn't holding on to him very well. Driscoll was one of my dear friends. I had a lot of friends on the Cardinal team—but I was going in to give him an affectionate enclosure, don't you know. I was going to make him secure. And then, holy cow! Out from the Cardinal bench poured a group of men with rods on! They were going out there to protect their idol, Paddy Driscoll.

As you may recall, the vogue at that time was that all the gangsters in the world were functioning in Chicago. And they were. Immediately I stopped in my tracks. I stood there in amazement. All I could think of was that a couple of days before I'd signed up for 100 bucks, and now I was liable to be killed. I said, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph! For a hundred bucks?" Luckily, George Halas hung on and completed the tackle of Paddy Driscoll by himself.

Well, I performed for the Bears from 1922 through 1927, and did you know that one year we played eight games in 12 days? As I recall, we won five of the eight, but it was a schedule fit for neither man nor beast. It came about as a result of the club signing none other than the Redhead—Red Grange.

On a Saturday prior to Thanksgiving 1925 Red performed in his last game for Illinois, his alma mater. He played against Ohio State at Columbus, then took the sleeper to Chicago and the next day joined the Bears. And then, with Grange as the main attraction, we set out on a

trip and exploded the Eastern Coast, playing by day and hopping to the next city by overnight sleeper. Of course, we did not always play up to our capability, because the human body can stand just so much. But the Redhead broke away in Philadelphia on a Saturday. He broke away in New York on Sunday. I could tell you where he broke away in any of those games. With Red Grange, a gentleman and a scholar, we exploded not only the Eastern Coast but likewise the Western Coast and the South with the introduction of professional football, and about the middle of February we got back to Chicago. Now I must tell you a story that involved none other than Mr. C. C. Pyle, Red Grange and company. C. C. Pyle was the Redhead's business manager, and during the lengthy trip he apparently had been impressed with the performance that I had exhibited, both on the field and off. George Halas, you see, had turned over to me the keeping of the men in tow. Like the others, I, too, enjoyed the frivolity of my travels, but you must have somebody who evidences leadership, who takes charge. So I was that man, and apparently C. C. Pyle was impressed. He addressed a letter to me, inviting me to the Morrison Hotel in Chicago.

He had a room engaged for me there, and when I arrived I found that likewise as Pyle's guests at the hotel were such personalities as Suzanne Lenglen, the great tennis player, Joe Ray, the great runner, Red Grange, the great performer on the field. And not to leave out a member of the female sex, C. C. Pyle, who had been married and divorced three or four times, had in another room someone that did not answer to the name of Mrs. Pyle.

The prime purpose of my being there, I found out, was that C. C. Pyle had a big offer for me. He was forming a football team to be known as the New York Yankees that would open in the fall of 1926, with Grange as the attraction. [In fact, Pyle was setting up a whole outlaw league against the NFL.] Pyle propositioned me to not only coach the club but select and manage the playing personnel. I listened very attentively.

He offered me \$10,000 to change the scene of my activity. Ten thousand dollars! That was more than I was making altogether from Mr. Halas and from another employer, Mr. George A. France of the France Stone Company, which by now employed me in the quarry business in the state of Indiana. And, mind you, I had gotten a total of about \$150 a game for 30 ball games that season, which figures out to \$4,500, doesn't it? Furthermore, pro football by this time was a week-long proposition, although Halas would give me a few days off from practice to attend to my other job, when necessary. I was the only player he would exempt from practice. He could rest assured I would keep myself physically capable.

So having listened to evidence of a magnanimous parting of money on the part of Mr. Pyle, I said, "Charlie"—that was his name, Charlie—I said, "Charlie, I'll give you an answer on that today."

THE GAME continued

"Oh, you don't have to answer me today," he said. And I said, "Well, this is shocking. I've never really been up against anything where I had to make a decision with reference to leaving people I'm established with." So I immediately made my departure and went across the street to the Conway Building. Halas and Sternaman had graduated from the lobby of the Planters to a real office.

I told them the true story and nothing else but. Mind you, both had become dear friends of mine. I said, "There's the situation, boys. There it is, right in a package. Now what am I to do?" Naturally they could not justify any such money as Pyle had offered me, because the attendance didn't justify an expenditure of \$10,000 for one individual. Even the great Paddy Driscoll might have commanded only \$5,000 or something like that. So, after much deliberation, George S. Halas and Edward C. Sternaman came up with a figure which, as far as I was concerned, was satisfactory not to leave them.

So I walked back across the street and told Pyle that he had better look for someone else. And one of the things that prompted me to make such a quick decision was this—I figured that any man that could be married and divorced three times and come up with a woman in another room, I didn't have any business working for him. If I had gone with him to New York, he might have taken care of my situation, and then again, he might not have.

I had no reason to regret my decision. In that connection my thoughts are of poor Ralph Scott. He was our right tackle. Walter Camp had chosen him All-America when he played for Wisconsin, so you have to give him credit for being a pretty good tackle. He came from Montana and was a World War I veteran, shot up a bit. Well, Ralph Scott took that job Pyle was offering. Scotty didn't have any more business being in New York than I did. I mean, New York is a fast town. The last I heard the poor guy was shot. I actually don't know whether he killed himself or somebody killed him, but I do know he never came back from New York.

INDIAN JOE GUYON (1919-1927: Canton Bulldogs, Cleveland Indians, Oorang Indians, Rock Island Independents, Kansas City Cowboys, New York Giants)

The late Ralph McGill, the distinguished Atlanta newspaper publisher and author, once wrote, "There is no argument about the identity of the greatest football player who ever performed in Dixie. There is a grand argument about second place, but for first place there is Joe Guyon, the Chipewyan brute." McGill probably was right. I found Guyon



Red Grange, the only player, got ruck as a Bear.

living in a workingmen's section of Louisville. He is still, at 77, a forceful man, and he recalls with zest a forceful meeting with George Halas.

Jim Thorpe was the one that hired me for my first job in pro football. I had put in two years at Carlisle, which was really nothing but a grammar school, and made second-team All-America. Then I had to go to prep school in order to get enough credits to go to college, see? So I did, and Georgia Tech grabbed me, and I made All-America again. Then, in 1919, a group of people who sponsored a pro football team in Canton, Ohio hired Jim to coach it and play in the backfield. So he called me over there. I guess I was 26 or 27 by then, I don't know.

I played halfback on offense, and on defense I played sideback, which I suppose is what they later started calling defensive halfback. I had more damn tracks and, brother, I could hit you. Elbows, knees or whatchamacallit—boy, I could use 'em. Yes, and it's

true that I used to laugh like the chickens when I saw other players get injured. Self-protection is the first thing they should have learned. You take care of yourself, you know. I think it's a sin if you don't. It's a rough game, so you've got to equip yourself and know what to do.

The games that were real scraps were the ones in Chicago, George Halas was a brother. There'd be a fight every time we met those son of a biscuits. Halas knew that I was the key man. He knew that getting me out of there would make a difference. I was playing defense one time, and I saw him coming after me from a long ways off. I was always alert. But I pretended I didn't see him. When he got close I wheeled around and nailed him, goddam. Broke three of his ribs. And as they carried him off I said to him, "What the hell, Halas. Don't you know you can't sneak up on an Indian?"

OLE HAUGSRUD (1926-1927: Owner, Duluth Eskimos)

One day I was visiting with Johnny Blood, the much-chronicled Vagabond Halfback (SI, Sept. 2, 1963) who now lives in St. Paul, and he suddenly offered a suggestion. "There's an old gentleman up in Duluth you've got to see. His name is Ole Haugsrud." I had never heard of Haugsrud, but I became curious to meet him when Blood explained that in 1926 Haugsrud had bought an NFL franchise for one dollar. Early the next morning Blood picked me up at my motel, then drove to a residential neighborhood where we were joined by a white-haired giant named Dan Williams, who, along with Blood, had played for the Duluth Eskimos, the team Haugsrud had bought. During the 150 miles or so

north to Duluth, the two men briefed me on that unusual transaction, which, as it turned out, may have saved the National Football League from death in its infancy.

Originally the Duluth club was a fine semipro outfit called the Kelley-Duluths, having been named for the Kelley-Duluth Hardware Store. The Kelley-Duluths' opposition came largely from teams in nearby towns in the iron-ore range. But in 1923, in order to obtain a professional schedule, Dan Williams and three others—the trainer and two players—put up \$250 apiece and bought a National Football League franchise for \$1,000. Even then, the renamed Duluth Eskimos were able to arrange no more than seven, and sometimes as few as five, league games a season. Due bills piled up. Finally the four owners offered to make a gift of the franchise to Ole Haugstad, by avocation the club's secretary-treasurer. To make the transaction legal, Haugstad handed them a dollar, which the four men immediately squandered drinking muckel beer. The dollar they paid for those 20 beers would be one Dan Williams and his colleagues would never forget.

The year was 1926, and the straggling NFL was fighting for its life. C. C. Pyle had Red Grange under contract and with Grange as his box-office attraction was formulating his

new nine-team league, to be known as the American Football League. Pyle spread the word that he also had signed the celebrated All-America back, Ernie Nevers, a handsome blond who, though just emerging from Stanford, had captured the nation's fancy. Nevers bore the imprimatur of Pop Warner, who before moving on to Stanford had coached Jim Thorpe at Carlisle and now rated Nevers superior to Thorpe. The NFL knew Nevers to be the only big name with whom the league could salvage its slum prestige, but NFL club owners took Pyle at his word, and then made no effort to sign Nevers.

Alone, Ole Haugstad, a mild-looking little Swede, was skeptical. He had been a high-school classmate of Ernie Nevers in Superior, Wis. When he paid a dollar for the Duluth franchise he had it in the back of his mind to travel to St. Louis, where Nevers was pitching baseball for the St. Louis Browns, to see for himself if Pyle actually had Nevers under contract.

Ernie was very glad to see me, and I was glad to see him. I met with him and his wife at their apartment, and Ernie showed me a letter he had from C. C. Pyle. Ernie told me, "Ole, if you can meet the terms Pyle is offering in this let-

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THE GAME continued

ter, it's O.K. with me. I'll play for Duluth." And, really, that's all there was to it. I would have to pay Ernie \$15,000, plus a percentage of the larger gates I had the money to do it. I believe I was only 22 or 23 years old, but I had various holdings—buildings and things like that—I had inherited a little money.

Of course, I couldn't be certain that the league would give me the kind of schedule I needed to pay Ernie that kind of money, so what I did was sign Ernie to a document that gave me an option on his services. I didn't pay him \$5 to sign. Oh, maybe I gave him a dollar to make it legal, but really a handshake was all Ernie wanted. A handshake with an old friend was good enough for Ernie.

The next thing I came home and got our ballplayers together. There were about 10 or 11 of them in town. I called a meeting in the office of Doc Kelly, a dentist across the bay in Superior. Doc played halfback for us—he played behind Johnny Blood—and was known as the Superior Tooth Carpenter. We met up at Doc's office in the evening, and I told the boys how much I would have to pay Ernie Nevess. I said, "Here's what it is. Now how much do you guys want?" They settled on \$50, \$60, \$70 and \$75. I said, "That's O.K. Now I'll go down to the league meeting in Chicago and see what I can do about a schedule."

The league meeting was at the Morrison Hotel, and it was getting on close to August, I believe. See, they didn't hold meetings way ahead of the season, because a lot of teams didn't know if they could operate for another year, and they had to get some funds behind them before they could go to a meeting. Anyway, in Chicago the first fellows I got hold of were Tim Mara of the New York Giants and George Halas of the Bears. I had called Tim Mara prior to that, and he was really the only one who knew about the contract I had with Ernie Nevess. He was like a father to me from the beginning. He said, "I'll tell you, kid. We got to do something here to make this a league." He said, "Now we'll go through with the regular meeting, and when it gets halfway through and you got two, three ball

games, I will give you the high sign." There were 22 clubs in the league, you see, and none of the others knew we had Nevess on option. And, of course, none of them cared about playing us.

This was kind of a historic point for the National League, because here everybody was sitting with the threat that Pyle had hanging over them, and the league really didn't know if it was going to operate again. So Mara said to me, "Wait till I highball you, and then you go up to the league president with your option on Nevess." Well, I waited and watched Mara, and when he signaled I took the option up to Joe Carr, who was being paid \$500 to be league president. He read that little document and then looked up and said, "Gentlemen, I got a surprise for you!" He read the option paper aloud, and some of them out front got up and yelled like a bunch of kids. Carr said to me, "You've saved the league!" Everyone figured that Pyle not only had Grange and Wildcat Wilson and the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, but Ernie Nevess, too. So there was almost a celebration right there. But Tim Mara said, "Gentlemen, we got to make a league out of this, so we'll start all over by first rehiring the president and paying him a salary that means something." Mr. Mara made a motion, and we voted Joe Carr a salary of \$2,500.

Then Mara said, "Now let's start over and get a new schedule." Well, we started putting down that 1926 schedule, and now everybody wanted to play me. I had 19 league games as fast as I could write them down. Before I got back to Duluth I had 10 exhibition games, too, which made a total of 29. And all because I had Nevess.

Now here's something I skipped. Mr. Mara had got up and said, "What we've got to do is to fill the ball parks in the big cities. So we've got to make road teams out of the Duluth Eskimos and the Kansas City Cowboys." He knew we would draw the big-city crowds with Ernie, and the Kansas City Cowboys were good at drawing crowds because they had a gimmick. When they arrived in a town they'd borrow a lot of horses and

continued



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THE GAME continued

ride horseback down the main street. They rode horseback down Broadway and drew 39,000 people in New York.

So we had only two home games—one in Duluth and one over in Superior, where the ball park had railroad tracks on both sides. The railroad men would leave boxcars lined up there. We drew 3,000 or 4,000 at the box office in Superior, but there were just as many standing on the boxcars watching free.

I believe it was Sept. 6 that we hit the road, and we didn't get back until Feb. 5. We traveled by train and occasionally by bus, and one time we took a boat from New York to Providence. During one stretch we played five games in eight days, with a squad of 17 men. Most of the time we were down to 13 players—just two men on the bench. When we played the Giants a league game in New York we had 14 players. Mr. Mara looked at us and said, "I don't know what you'd call this. Is it a football team?" And Grantland Rice, the big sportswriter, said, "Well, they're the Iron Men from the North." And that's the way we were dubbed from there on.

We won 19 ball games, lost seven and tied three, and in some places we got good crowds, very good crowds, although not like the ones they draw today. The boys had that contract for 50-loss, 60-tie and 75-win, but at the end of the season they all got paid off on the 75 basis, and the club netted a profit of \$4,000. But there were times during the season that we were six or seven thousand in the hole. When we got paid for a game I would send the check back to a Duluth bank, and as we traveled I would write checks on our account in Duluth. In Providence early one morning I got a telegram at the hotel from the banker in Duluth. It read: OLE, YOU BETTER GET THINE ESKIMOS HOME WHILE YOU STILL GOT ENOUGH BLUBBER MEAT TO FEED THEM. I'll always remember that our quarterback, Cobb Rooney, got up and said, "Ole, tell that banker what he can do. You can pay us our salary when you catch up."

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continued

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THE GAME

Continued



Johnny Blood, ever the blasé spirit, was diving from the flagpole.

rooms he completed 17 consecutive passes. In all the games we played in 1926 Ernie sat out a total of just 27 minutes. He'd get insulted if you told him to rest. He knew the people were paying to see him, and he made sure they did.

One problem we ran into all the time was getting publicity. You'd see tents in the newspapers after a game, but we had a hard time getting anything into the newspapers ahead of time. The news media as a whole were afraid to publicize professional football, because college ball was big and the colleges frowned on us. In fact, they had a rule that if you played professional ball you could never get a college coaching job. I remember a time a little later, around 1930, I took a trip East with the Chicago Cardinals and we were on the same train as the University of Chicago football team. They were going East to play Princeton. The two teams were in adjoining coaches, and Amos Alonzo Stagg, the Chicago coach, locked the doors between the coaches. He thought the pros would contaminate his players. He had a rule that if after a boy was graduated from Chicago he played pro ball his letter would be recalled. I remember going out on the platform during a stop in Ohio. Stagg was out on the platform, too, and I said, "How do you do, Mr Stagg?" I must have said it 10 times, but he never answered.

Well, my second year as owner, I came out only about \$1,000 ahead. We couldn't get the games we needed. One reason was the league cut down from 22 clubs to 12, and another reason was that we were asking a \$4,000 guarantee and the weaker clubs would rather schedule a team that asked, say, \$1,500 less. After that '27 season I put the club in mothballs, and then I sold the franchise for \$2,000 to a buyer from New Jersey, who put the team in Orange. In 1932 the team was transferred to Boston, and in 1937 George Marshall took it to Washington. The franchise I paid a dollar for is now worth, I suppose, \$15 million, if not more.

But I didn't do so bad by selling. You see, we negotiated the deal at a league meeting in Cleveland, and the fellows from the other clubs were anxious to see it settled and get away, because they didn't always have money enough to stay three, four days in a high-priced hotel. I wanted \$3,000, but the fellow from Orange wanted to give me \$2,000. The others said to me, "Come on, Swede. We got to get going home." So I said, "All right, but with one stipulation. The next time a franchise is granted in the state of Minnesota I will have the first opportunity to bid for it." In order to get out of there they gave me a letter to that effect, and over the years I kept letting the NFL know about it. In 1961, when the Minnesota Vikings were created, I got 10% of the stock. The franchise cost \$600,000, and for my share I paid \$60,000. Since then we've had offers of between \$12 and \$15 million for the franchise. So I guess you would have to say that as a result of originally buying a franchise for a dollar, and later investing \$60,000, I now own stock that is worth about a million and a half.

RED GRANGE (1925-1934 Chicago Bears, New York Yankees [AFL], New York Yankees)

Seated at the side of his pool, Red Grange looked the part of a retired sportsman. He wore sunglasses, a light yellow shirt, patterned slacks and blue cloth shoes. The sunlight, filtering through the skylight,

type roof over the pool, created a tint of the old red hair among the gray. With his wife, he had settled at Indian Lake Estates, a peaceful central Florida development populated by well-to-do senior citizens. Alone among all the players of the pro football decades that preceded television, Grange earned from football the six-figure income that stars of the 1960s were to realize. Behind his early financial success was that unique operator, C. C. (Cash & Carry) Pyle, probably the first players' agent known to football. It was the Roaring Twenties, the Golden Age of Sport, and with Pyle calling the shots Grange became the plutocrat of football. He faultily remembers Cash & Carry.

Charlie Pyle was about 44 years old when I met him. He was the most dapper man I have ever seen. He went to the barbershop every day of his life. He had a little mustache that he'd have trimmed, and he would have a manicure and he'd have his hair trimmed up a little, and every day he would get a rubdown. His suits cost \$100 or \$200, which was a lot of money in the 1920s. He wore a derby and spots and carried a cane, and believe me, he was a handsome guy. The greatest ladies' man that ever lived.

Money was of no consequence to Charlie. I would say that at the time I met him he had made pretty near a million dollars and lost it. At this particular time he owned three movie theaters—two in Champaign, Ill. and one in Kokomo, Ind. One night during my senior year at Illinois I went down to the Virginia Theater in Champaign and one of the ushers located me and told me, "Mr. Pyle wants to see you in his office." Well, the first words Charlie Pyle said to me were, "Red, how would you like to make \$100,000?" I couldn't figure what he was talking about. But he said, "I have a plan. I will go out and set up about 10 or 12 football games throughout the United States. I think I can talk Halas and Sternaman into making the Bears available, and as soon as the college season ends we will make this tour, and I'll guarantee you that you'll get at least \$100,000 out of it."

Of course, I was flabbergasted. But Charlie made good his word. He lined it up for me to play with the Bears and then went out on the road and set up the whole program. I'll never forget the game we played in Coral Gables outside of Miami, at a time when Florida was swinging. In 1925 everybody there was selling real estate and building things. Three days before the game we looked around, and there was no place to play a football game, so we said, "Where are we going to play?" The people told us, "Out here in this field." Well, there wasn't anything there except a field. But two days before the game they put 200 carpenters to work and built a wooden stadium that seated 25,000. They sold tickets ranging up to \$20 apiece, and the next day they tore down the stadium. You'd never know a ball game had taken place there.

I couldn't really tell you how much money I made with Charlie Pyle, but I got my \$100,000 out of that tour, and that was just the start. Charlie had me endorse sporting equipment and meat loaf and football dolls and soft drinks and a Red Grange candy bar. You name it, we had it. And where the average fellow would ask for \$5,000, Charlie would ask \$25,000. Mostly he got cash. Cash or a check. He didn't fool around.

Money itself meant nothing to Charlie, but he did like to hear his name mentioned. He was the closest friend a lot of big sportswriters had. In 1926, the year that Charlie set up his American Football League, he had an office in the Hotel Astor. Westbrook Pegler would be down there every morning. This was during Prohibition, you know, and each morning when Westbrook left he would take a couple of bottles of Pyle's Scotch with him, and then he would turn around and write a column and call Pyle everything he could lay his tongue to that could go on paper. Charlie sometimes would complain, but Westbrook would say, "Just as long as I keep your name singular, don't bother."

One thing about Charlie was that he always thought pro football had a future. I didn't. When I played, outside of the franchise towns nobody knew any-

thing about pro ball. A U.S. Senator took me to the White House once and introduced me to Calvin Coolidge and said, "Mr. President, I want you to meet Red Grange. He's with the Chicago Bears." I remember the President's reply very well. He said, "Well, Mr. Grange, I'm glad to meet you. I have always liked animal acts."

CLARKE HINKLE (1932-1941: Green Bay Packers)

Oldsters say he may well have been the toughest man who ever played professional football—together, if not stronger, than Bronko Nagurski. "Clarke Hinkle was near the end of the line when I first played against him," says Bulldog Turner, the illustrious Chicago Bear center, "but he was still the hardest runner I ever tried to tackle. He didn't bend over. He ran just about straight up. And when you hit him it would pop every joint all the way down to your toes." Fullback, linebacker, sometimes punter, placekicker and punter, Hinkle performed with a nondescript sense of dedication and, though he weighed only 207 pounds, he left big men shattered. I found him living alone in an eight-room house in Toronto, Ohio, one of those dreary industrial towns that postmark the banks of the Ohio River. The old frame house on North Fourth Street stands on a corner two blocks from the river. As we talked in the living room, the house trembled from time to time as a trailer truck rumbled down North Fourth or a Pennsylvania Railroad freight chattered along the tracks that all but ran through the Hinkle backyard. Trim and sharp-featured at 62, his hair attractively white around the edges, he welcomed me cheerily, attired in a youthful ensemble consisting of maroon hatterneck with gold piping around the neck, eggshell Levi's, matching maroon socks and loafers. He settled into a rocker in front of a black stone mantel on which rested a plaster-of-paris replica of a bust that sits in the Pro Football Hall of Fame. A likeness of the young ball-playing Hinkle had been intended, but the art bore no resemblance to the man, now or earlier. "I think they made a mistake and copied from a pre-



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THE GAME continued

ture of somebody else," he reflected with-out rancor. He said that he gets along by selling industrial supplies, mostly lubricants, and that he supplements his income by doing a sports show for the television station down the river at Steubenville. In the dining room, on the opposite side of the center hallway, some 20 hats lay strewn on the table. Later, as he passed through the room to get us coffee, he paused and explained that they were but a fraction of his hat supply—he has at least 50. On the table were checked hats, porkpie hats, Alpine chapeaus, fur hats, everidas felt hats—all manner of hats except bomburges and silks. "These are new hats, not collector's items," Huskle said. "I wear 'em all. I'm a sucker for hats."

When I went out to Green Bay in '32 I was an Easterner, one of the few Easterners that were out there in what you might call the Northwest. I was a real dude. The day I got off the train I had on brown suede shoes and maybe a velvet hat and a black suit with a gray shirt and a purple tie. See, I'd played at Bucknell University, and that's the way they dressed back East. I always went for clothes.

Well, it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived at the hotel. The players were sitting around in the lobby, being as a lot of them lived at the hotel. Nobody said a thing. They just looked at me. I went back to the desk to register, and all the while they analyzed me. I'm sure they thought, "Here's another one of those fancy Darns." I looked like a dandy. Oh, hell, yeah. Till I got on the football field.

I'd had pretty good years at Bucknell, and in '31 I'd been invited to play in the East-West Shrine game in San Francisco. I was voted Most Outstanding Player in that game. Now there was no football draft in those days, so after the game Curly Lambeau came up to my room at the Palace Hotel and talked me into signing a contract with the Packers at \$125 a game. Lambeau was one of the few pro football people who made a practice of going to the East-West game to look for talent. Most of

the others couldn't afford such trips, or wouldn't bother.

My rookie year we played 22 games, 14 of them league games and eight exhibitions, and we were still playing in February, almost in March, because of Johnny Blood. Now there's a guy! That year Blood had been corresponding with some people in Honolulu, and one day he came to us and said, "Do you want to play a few postseason exhibition games in Honolulu? All you got to do is say yes and I'll arrange it."

Nobody took him seriously. Lambeau said, "O.K., John. I'll let you handle it. You make all the arrangements." Well, darned if Johnny didn't get us all lined up for Honolulu. We went over on a boat—it took us 5½ days—and played three games against Hawaiian teams, then we came back and played Ernie Nevers' All-Stars in San Francisco and then again in Los Angeles. One night on the boat coming back from the islands we couldn't find Johnny Blood. Milt Gantenbein, who was my roommate at the time, walked out with me on the main deck, and we went back toward the stern. The sea was rough, the ship was pitching, and what we found turned us white. There was Johnny Blood outside the safety railing, on the extreme stern end of the ship hanging on to the flagpole. It was the middle of the night, with the ship pitching, and he was swinging around that flagpole. He didn't even know he was in any danger. He'd been drinking that *okolehu*—a native drink. It's made from pineapple juice or is roots or something. It's some drink, I'll tell you. Anyway, we eased out there and got him.

A lot of people today think Green Bay was never a great football town until Vince Lombardi built all those winners in the 1960s. This kind of annoys me. They talk like we were a bunch of guys that got together on weekends. Listen, Lambeau was a great administrator. He won six championships, and in his early days he was just as tough and mean as anybody else. You think Lombardi's tough? Lambeau was tougher.

We were kings in Green Bay. We traveled in the best of society. Whenever

they had the charity balls that people attended in evening gowns and all that, we were invited. The best society would invite you to their homes for dinner. And women! When the Packers came back to Green Bay to begin training for another season the gals would say, "The Depression's over!"

Of course, you knew everybody in town, so when you lost a ball game you didn't want to face anybody. You'd keep pretty much to the alleys. In those days—and I presume it's the same there today—if a fan saw you out drinking during the middle of the week, he would call Lambau and say, "I saw Hinkle having a glass of beer tonight." And Lambau would fine you \$25 just on the strength of what the fan said.

We always traveled first-class. That was one of Lambau's principles. We traveled in nothing but the best Pullmans. We even carried our own dining car connected to the two Pullmans we had for the squad. We stayed in the best hotels and ate the finest food. Most of the other teams went to cheaper hotels, but Lambau felt we should project an image to the public. After some of the rougher players were gone Lambau even got a little tough on dress. We were one of the first to wear team jackets—blazers.

Lambau allowed us to smoke, but he kind of frowned on us smoking in public, because he thought it created a bad image. We were very strict in our training habits. Lambau gave us a written diet to follow. No fried foods of any kind. Chocolate drinks were out, because in those days we felt they built fat around the lungs. Coca-Cola was out, yet they all drink it today. We were told that it took 48 hours to digest a bottle of Coke and that the sugar wasn't good for your wind. I'll tell you one thing, you had to be strong in those days. It was 60-minute football, no platoons.

Everything I did I had to do with force. That's just the way I was built. I'd rather run into tacklers than use a little finesse, so I lost a lot of yards that way. But I felt I wanted to be tougher than the next guy. If they were going to tackle me they were going to pay for it.

But let me tell you something. I don't have a bad shoulder, a bad knee, a bad ankle or a bad anything. It's amazing.

We had no pain-killers in those days. Nothing. You lived with pain. But you were so wrought up playing the game that you didn't think about it. Outside of getting a little rest now and then, the one and only time I ever left a game was when Bronko Nagurski put seven stitches in my face. They took me down to the emergency room of the hospital and put the stitches in, and they brought me back in a taxicab and I went into the game again. It happened in the first quarter. I got back just before the half ended and started the second half. Didn't do bad, either. I believe we played the Bears to a 0-0 tie.

I think I began to get my reputation as a tough player as a result of a famous collision that Nagurski and I had. I'd been in the league about two or three years. Nagurski and I both played full-back and linebacker, and actually I'd already raised a few eyebrows because opponents who tackled me felt like I weighed about 240 and because when I played against Nagurski I held my own. The time he put seven stitches on my chin I'd made a mistake on defense. I'd waited for him to come to me. Then, as I sat there, I said to myself, Clarke, you'd better learn how to play this game or they'll kill you. From then on I tried to get to Bronk before he got to me. So we had this big collision.

I was back to punt on third down. In those days it was common to punt on third down, but sometimes I would fake a punt and run with the ball or throw to Don Hutson. It was an option play, really. Well, this time I ran with the ball to my right and I got through a hole, I started upfield and out of the corner of my eye I could see Nagurski coming over to really nail me to the cross. He was edging me to the sideline. Bronk outweighed me by about 20 or 30 pounds, and what he would do instead of tackling you was run right through you.

So just before I got to the sideline I cut abruptly, right back into him. I thought, I might as well get it now as any other time. I caught him wide-open

continued

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coffee,
tea
or me

THE GAME continued

and met him head-on. The collision knocked me backward, and I sat there for a few seconds to see if I was all right. Then I looked over at Bronk. His nose was over on the side of his face. It was bleeding and broken in two places. I think. His hip was cracked, they say. Whether it was or not, I don't know. But he was out cold. They took him off the field, and that's the first time he'd ever been jolted. After that, people began to want to see Hinkle.

Some of those jolts you took out there would mess you up a little. I used to get some vertebrae shook up, you know. But if I got up on the training table to get a rubdown, Lambeau would come along and panic. He'd say, "What are you doing on the table, Hinkle?" I think he was afraid that I wasn't going to play the next Sunday. So I couldn't get on the training table for a rubdown. And on my wedding day he played me

58 minutes, although we were beating the Boston Redskins to death. I finally got him to take me out by forming a circle with my thumb and index finger and motioning like I was putting on the wedding ring.

I don't think Lambeau had a friend in the world, as far as football players were concerned. Yet all of them respected him. In 1937 we were in California after the season to make a movie for M-G-M, and some of us were given screen tests. The next season when I reported I said to Lambeau, "I never did hear anything about that screen test. Did you hear from those movie people?" And Lambeau said, "Oh, yeah. They wrote me that you passed, all right. But I told them you weren't interested. I didn't think you would be interested." He wasn't going to take any chance of losing a ballplayer.

It annoys me very much these days

when I hear somebody say that we "contributed" a lot to pro football. Heaven's sake! We *established* the game. From 1936 on pro football was developing each year and getting more popular. From '36 on, we played regularly to capacity crowds of 25,000 at City Stadium. We played to sellouts at Wrigley Field. We played to 50,000 at Briggs Stadium in Detroit and 50,000 in New York. We made the game. But we're not included in the pension plan, and I don't think we ever will be. Today's owners couldn't care less about us. Anyway, I don't have any money, but I'm able to pay my bills. My health is good, and I sleep good at nights. So what else is there?

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IT'S SOME BACKYARD

The Frail Gray Man with the Strong Pool Cue

He is 55 years old, his build is slight, his taste in clothes is that of the conservative businessmen he is—but Irving Crane happens also to be one of the greatest pool players of all time by KIM CHAPIN

Irving Crane, who is one of the best straight pocket billiards players in the world, could be the now slightly aged prototype of the original 97-pound weakling. A friend once gave him a playful bear hug and cracked a rib, and Crane himself says, "I must be made of tissue paper." His once-brown hair has long since turned to a slightly frizzled, anemic gray. His dress tends toward the rigidly conservative—gray hats, gray overcoats, expensive but colorless suits and sports coats. Despite his status, there is no electric anticipation before he enters a parlor, after he leaves there are few regrets. He is a shadow in a darkened room.

In fact, at the age of 55, when most first-rate athletes spend idle hours regaling their grandchildren with apocryphal stories of their halcyon days and otherwise rest on laurels won long ago, Crane probably is better known in his home town of Rochester, N.Y., as a car salesman (Cadillacs) than as a master with few historical peers in the demanding world of pocket billiards. He has won four world titles, the last in 1968, and scores of lesser ones in a 32-year career. Recently—in Rochester, no less—Crane was passed over for a seat at the head table at the annual Hickock Belt awards dinner in favor of a local horseshoe player and he has yet to be accepted into Rochester's own sports Wall of Fame.

This lack of recognition is due in part to the fact that his sport has never enjoyed wide public acceptance. Its ranks have been split since the game was invented, in the time of Anthony and Cleopatra if you believe Shakespeare or in the 14th century if you believe Frank G. Menke's *Encyclopedia of Sports*. On one side are the colorful hustlers with names like Harry the Horse and Little Augie and personalities to match, who say that some tournament players tend to choke when there is money on the line, especially their own. On the other side, the tournament players contend that the only true test of ability is round-robin competition or a 1,500-point match



THOUGH IT IS NOT APPARENT, CRANE THINKS THAT HAPPINESS IS A GAME OF POOL

game. Though tournament players—Crane especially—do not like to be called pool players at all but rather "professional pocket billiards exhibitionists," there is often more money in sight in the back room of a pool tournament than there is in the tournament pot.

The nature of the game also offers itself far more to personal participation than public spectating. Unlike most other sports, straight pool does not produce a direct confrontation between offense and defense and the drama that affords. From the lag, pool is uneven: the only thing the player not at the table can do is sit and stew and curse his luck. "You sit there," says Crane, "and you hate your opponent. You hope he

misses every shot or breaks a leg. You can't win sitting in the chair and you can lose badly without ever missing a called shot."

In such situations great animosities are formed and, of necessity, large egos. An old hustler named Don Willis said recently, "Every player's an egotist. You get four drinks in a guy and he's never lost a game; you get 10 in him and he's never missed a shot."

Crane drinks only an occasional highball, but suffers from a grating professional personality which has alienated him from most of the other tournament players despite his obvious skill. If nothing else, Crane is consistent. As a youth in Livonia, N.Y., where he was born

continued

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Frail Gray Man *continues*

and grew up, he was sardonic, outspoken and egotistical, traits not entirely surprising in a lad who had been given a toy pool table at 12 and two years later had a run of 89 to his credit on the then-regulation size live-foot by 10-foot table. In middle age he retains all three traits. During the 1947 world tournament, in which he unsuccessfully defended the title he had won for the second time a year before, Crane said, "Pool is the poorest paid sport in the world," a truism that unfortunately still holds. Then he added, "There are lots of people in this game I don't care to associate with. I'm decent to them and they don't know it, but Jesus, when I see some of those crumbies in the poolroom, sometimes I say to hell with it."

After he had won his fourth world title and backed that performance by winning the International Pocket Billiards Championship, Crane showed that the intervening years had not softened him a bit. The occasion was a minor tournament in nearby Syracuse that he had agreed to enter only if he received a small amount of expense money. Crane didn't like the double-elimination format—he prefers the more demanding round-robin play—nor did he like playing 125-point games, figuring correctly that the standard 150-point games favor the better player—namely him, of course. He first lost, despite a high run of 87, to a talented youngster named Alan Kieble. After the match Kieble shook Crane's hand and said, "Irv, I hope there's no hard feelings."

"Of course not," said Crane. "If you hadn't taken advantage of the chances you had, I wouldn't have respected you."

The following day Crane lost again, to Joey Canton, who was once quite good but now is nowhere near Crane's class. Crane was furious. He had played poorly, but in short order he bemoaned his luck, rapped the tournament format, questioned the stunts ("Why do dead men wake up to shoot well against me? Canton hasn't played like that in 20 years") and, finally, knocked his opponent, saying, "I'll play Canton 1,500-1,000 anytime."

To his credit, or at least in his defense, Crane grew up in an era of large tables, small pockets, ivory cue balls and Belgian clay object balls, conditions that made a run of 100, some say, comparable to a run of 300 with today's equipment. Today the tables are smaller (4½'

by 9'), the pockets are larger (5½" vs. 4½") and the object balls and the cue ball are made of plastic. "The ball skids like an ashtray when you hit it," Crane says. "It's not supposed to skid, it's supposed to roll. These plastic balls are pretty. They don't ever chip, they don't ever break, they hold their color forever—and they're the worst balls ever made. The old mud balls were far superior. With the smaller table and the bigger pockets, any meatball can throw a run of 100 at me. I don't worry about guys like Joe Balsiv or Steve Mizerak or Luther Lassiter. I know I'll win and lose my share against them. But one of these guys who can't play at all will suddenly come to the table and run a hundred—against me. Always against me. Lassiter once went 112 games without a run of 100 against him. I'd call that luck, wouldn't you? Yes, I was lucky to win those two tournaments last year, but my luck was bound to change. It had to."

Other players have other opinions. Joe Balsiv said bluntly, "The equipment is the same for everybody." Another tournament player went further, "Crane's making excuses for all his past losses," he said, "and for all his future ones, too."

A few retain a strange affection for



HE LOOKS THE PART OF A SALESMAN

Crane, Lou (Machine Gun) Butera said, "Three years ago if you told me anything bad about the guy I would have jumped up to defend him. But in the last three years he's gotten so he can't stand to lose, I don't like it the way he talks about people, running them down. But he's helped me. I used to get upset when I lost. At the world tournament in 1966 Crane told me to play the game, don't play the opponent. So the next game I play, it's against him. I cut his heart out. He wouldn't speak to me for nine days. Then when he does say something he says, 'I thought you were lucky to beat me, but I've been watching you and you're a good player.' He's a strange duck, but deep down inside I think he's a decent guy."

In spite of Crane's agonizing, he still can say, "I've got some money—not a lot, but some—for the first time in my life, but if I had to make a choice between selling cars and playing pool, I'd choose pool. The only time I've ever been really happy is when I was at a pool table."

Happiness is compounded by victory, and Crane has won often enough over the past three decades to be considered by some the third-best tournament player in modern history. Pool's nonpareil was Ralph Greenleaf, who enjoyed most of his success during the 1920s. Greenleaf was a tempestuous man who would not play sober because he was too nervous and could not play drunk because he was too mean. He compromised, won 16 world titles (the last against Crane in 1937), and died at madcentury at the age of 50. The second was Willie Mosconi, the Boy Wonder from Philadelphia who was giving exhibitions at 7, played in his first world tournament in 1933 at the age of 20 and ruthlessly dominated the sport for the next 24 years. Therein lies the cause of much of Crane's bitterness. He and Mosconi are almost the same age and for decades fought each other for pool's top honors. Mosconi usually won, though Crane is loath to admit it. All Crane's efforts did little more than secure Mosconi's place in the sport's history.

Crane is doggedly colorless in his quest for perfection. He has neither the ruffled flair of Luther Lassiter, the pleasing exuberance of Joe Balsis, the youthful (but irritating) enthusiasm of Steve Mizerak nor the arrogance of Petey Margo. He walks around the table with the

air of a man sorely in need of a smoke (he gave up a two-packs-a-day habit cold in 1951) or a Baptist preacher about to fall off the wagon. Crane says, "I like to play best when my hands are shaking just a little bit." If the game is not going especially well he will mutter, "It's brutal, it's brutal," but one has to be a lap-reader to hear him. Beyond that, the only expression he allows himself is an occasional slightly churlish grin.

He rarely breaks off a spectacular shot—not because he cannot make them, but because he rarely has the opportunity. At Crane's level of play, pocketing the object ball is the least of one's worries. What is important is knowing what shot to take to best continue the run, how to break up clusters and remove annoying balls near the rail that may cause future problems and, finally and most important of all, positioning the cue ball. Keeping whitey—the cue ball—on a string involves the application of spins (draw, follow, reverse English and such) to the ball with a 57-inch, 20-ounce custom-made cue stick that may cost \$300, plus an acute awareness of the resiliency of the bumpers and the speed of the cloth.

"The good player is not the player who makes the tough shot," says Mosconi. "It's the guy who makes a lot of easy ones, because he's placing the cue ball in such a way that he's making every shot easy. And that's what Crane does best." He does it so well, in fact, that in the areas of position play and safety play—the latter meaning those occasions when a player must shoot not to pocket balls but rather to be sure the opponent is not left with an open shot—Crane has been called the best ever.

Crane won his first world title in a challenge match against Erwin Rudolph in 1942, and his second in an eight-man tournament in Philadelphia in 1946, defeating Andrew Ponzi 125-97 in the final match. But during the '40s and '50s Mosconi was winning everything that Crane wasn't, which was considerable—15 world titles before a stroke hastened Mosconi's retirement in 1957.

Mosconi refuses to say he was the better player but agrees that he was the bane of Crane's existence. "I think one reason I had more success against Irv was that right from the beginning I was a more daring player," Mosconi said. "If I thought I had a pretty good chance of making a shot, I'd just step up there

continued

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Frail Gray Man *crane*

and shoot the darned thing, but Irv would weigh the possibilities of what would happen if he missed. I never gave a thought to that. He's always been able to stand up pretty well in the tournament matches, but when he came head to head, at least in my own experience with him, it seemed he couldn't maintain the pace, couldn't run a lot of balls, especially if the match were a long one. Crane is very conservative. He wouldn't take that tough shot and that's what cost him a lot of games."

They met, the blitzkrieg vs. the Maginot Line, for the last time in round-robin world tournament play in 1955. The duel became a classic. Crane needed a victory to tie Mosconi for first place, but when Crane came to the table after Mosconi missed in the 150-point game, he trailed by 146-23. Sweating profusely, Crane methodically pocketed the balls and, after breaking the final rack, he needed but eight balls to win, all of which were open. "You can bet I was nervous and wringing wet," said Crane. "I took 30 strokes on each one of those shots, and when the last one went in it was the happiest I've ever been." In the playoff Crane and Mosconi journeyed through 21 innings of safety play before Crane got the upper hand and won 150-87. That was world title No. 3, but Crane had to wait 13 years for his fourth, and even then it was anything but easy. Again, in the last game of round-robin play, Crane needed a victory to tie for first place, this time with Luther Lassiter, the defending champion and four-time winner. Lassiter opened with a run of 84 and at one point led 94-0. Crane did not give up, however, and won that game 150-98, after a 20-minute break he returned to the table and beat Lassiter in the playoff 150-24. The match ended at 5:13 in the morning, which in itself tells a great deal about the pressures of tournament pool.

There have been no world tournaments since then, and when another is held Crane will be the oldest defender ever. In rare tribute to his rival, Mosconi recently said, "When I retired I predicted that Crane would dominate this game because his knowledge of it is so great. It was just a question of him asserting himself, and it looks like it's finally happened in the last couple of years. I think Irv's knowledge of the game is so far superior to the other fellows' playing today that it's not even funny." **END**





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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MR. CUB

Sirs,

A Tale of Two Men and One City (Sept. 29) is a masterpiece. Having met Ernie Banks on a few occasions and having observed him on a hundred, I would say that Mark Kram has perfectly captured the mood, personality and quality of this rare man. For years we've heard the expression "Beautiful Wrigley Field," but a more fitting use of the adjective would surely be "Beautiful Ernie Banks." We spent a recent week at Wrigley Field and saw one very striking example of the love of the Chicago fans for their Mr. Cub. A banner came up for the Cubs in a crucial situation and was greeted by the fans with the exhortation, "Come on, get Ernie in the World Series."

JACK KILLEY

Suggesties, N.Y.

Sirs,

After reading Mark Kram's feature on Ernie Banks, Mr. Chicago Cub, I think the title of the article should have been changed to *A Man for All Seasons*. Ernie Banks' soul is too big for one city.

STEVEN'S ROWS

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs,

Thank you for writing a feature on Ernie Banks of the Chicago Cubs. However, I was surprised that you did not mention Ernie's many extracurricular activities. Ernie is a tremendous person, and he spends so many evenings working with the Boy Scouts, the Boys' Clubs, the YMCA and all community projects. Mr. Cub is the most thoughtful speaker for local community meetings.

Ernie is a great man and a sports hero, a civic leader and a real American. Even on a losing team, he has been a standout and a real leader.

You might also have mentioned that the team Banks works for has signed its players long before other teams, and Mr. Wrigley deserves credit for having a team with contrasts, day baseball and a harmonious organization. Too bad they had their cold spell at the end of the season.

Another year ahead for the Cubs with the Lion, and they will win it all. And right there will be No. 14, Mr. Cub, and he will make everything go.

CLAUDE W. OTTO, M.D.

Franklin, Ill.

BURN'S RUSH

Sirs,

After having read so many articles expounding the loyalty and devotion of Chicago's Bleacher Bums, I have a question: where do they have the Bleacher Bums

gone? Certainly not to Wrigley Field. Following the Cubs' fall from first place in the Eastern Division, the Bleacher Bums became scarce. During a two-game set with Philadelphia, the Cubs had a total paid attendance of slightly less than 17,000 fans. In a game with Montreal a week later, they barely drew 3,000 fans.

Although this was partly due to the low standings of Montreal and Philadelphia, the fact still remains: the Bleacher Bums had given up. Despite all their banners, cheers and other demonstrations, the Bleacher Bums became the type of fans who only support a winner. They have shown that they are not the superfans they proclaimed themselves to be.

The Met fans are just the opposite. They have stayed with the Mets throughout the season. Even when the Mets were 9½ games behind the Cubs as late as Aug. 13, the fans kept coming. They have shown the Bleacher Bums what baseball fans really are.

PHILIP E. McLELLAN JR.

Staten Island, N.Y.

BLACK AND WHITE

Sirs,

Congratulations on your article about Jimmy Jones and the University of Southern California team (*Football: Navy's Win Over U.S.C.*, Sept. 29). It was a good article, but it lacked a few minor details about Jim. He played his high school football at John Harris High School, Harrisburg, Pa., the home of the best football in the country.

Jim and his senior teammates at Harris never lost a ball game in junior or senior high school. They also started an amazing winning streak that was ended last year. But Harris' win-loss record over the past five years is still 90-1.

I just thought that these facts might be of some interest to your readers.

JIM DONOVAN

Harrisburg, Pa.

Sirs,

I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw your Sept. 29 cover. I used to think you really had to be something to rate this kind of publicity, but now I don't know. This young man completed eight of 15 passes in the only major college football game he's ever played in and already he rates the cover of this nation's leading sport magazine. Maybe it's because he's from USC, or maybe it's because he's a black quarterback. I imagine it's one of the two. But just for your information, there are several established quarterbacks in the college ranks who merit this kind of attention (Morgan of Arkansas, for example). And what was the name of that young sophomore quar-

terback from the University of Florida who ripped highly regarded Houston apart? I really think you should devote your magazine to other sections of the country. There are many more teams playing ball than USC and Notre Dame.

JOHN D. HILL

Texas, Ark.

Sirs,

On the night of Sept. 12, Alcorn A&M (the defending national black football champion) beat Grambling College 28-7 before 60,000 people in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Last year Alcorn beat Grambling 28-13 en route to a 9-1 season, which included a 38-9 victory over Florida A&M in the Orange Blossom Classic.

In compiling this record, Alcorn held its opponents to an average of 8.8 yards rushing per game. Seven of the opponents were members of the Southwestern Athletic Conference, which produces 30 plus pro draftees a year.

Despite Alcorn's recent convincing victory and an impressive record from last season, your magazine continues to overlook the team. No mention was made of it in your Sept. 15 preseason ratings of the top small colleges. Your mistake in not covering the game in Los Angeles borders on negligence. But even that mistake was small compared to the one made by the sportswriters of the Associated Press, who ranked Grambling third in their first small-college poll after Grambling was crushed by Alcorn. Alcorn was not ranked.

Isn't it about time that your magazine and others recognized the other black schools that also play football?

EDWARD EDWARDS

Madison, Wis.

HALF A CUP

Sirs,

Congratulations! You managed to take a hard-fought 5-0 Davis Cup victory by the U.S. and conclude that it wasn't really an important match anyway, since the best players (the pros) were not present (*Second Best Is Good Enough*, Sept. 29). If this is true, then the Olympics Games don't mean anything either.

Many people consider amateurism closer to the true meaning of sport than professionalism, since the motivation is love of sport rather than money.

If, as you state, the Davis Cup is no more than a runner-up bowl: 1) why did you fail to mention (or even hint at) this fact in your Davis Cup preview issue of Aug. 25? 2) why is it true only this year? The rules have been the same for many years; 3) why bother to make eight excuses for the losing

continued



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18TH HOLE continued

seam? Not one of these excuses was mentioned in the previous issue.

The Davis Cup preview concludes with glowing anticipation of the match. "It should be fun." Now, look at the first sentence of your article on the results. "If this is the best [they] can amuse themselves with, then the Establishment is on shaky ground." About face!

"Second best is good enough" is pure hindsight and sour grapes. It is easy to be a poor loser. But wait... we won!

ANTON GOTTESDANKER

Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif.

Six

I agree wholeheartedly with your two observations regarding the Davis Cup. The competition must be open to everyone: pros, registered players, amateurs and whatever other classifications there are. And to have the defending champion win all year for a challenger is tantamount to having the New York Jets take an 11-month vacation until someone emerges to challenge them in the Super Bowl.

Despite this, I witnessed and enjoyed the final day of competition in Cleveland, that is, until 4-0 in the fourth set of the Arthur Ashe-Ion Tiriac match. At this point Tiriac walked to the side of the court, and the referee announced that due to a previous agreement, Tiriac had to "retire" because the Rumanians had to catch a plane!

A full 15 minutes passed with Tiriac talking to Dell and to others on the court, and then came another long delay with the U.S. TA officials waiting for both teams to come back on the court for the presentation. From the time the announcement was made of the "retirement" until the Rumanian team finally walked off the court following the ceremonies, 40 minutes had elapsed!

What time was that flight, anyhow, fellows? It was strictly a hush climax to the 1989 Davis Cup Challenge Round.

RAY GORS

Indiana, Pa.

FINAL WORD

Sirs,

Please tell Juan Pombert (SCORECARD, Sept. 29) that the notice of the trademark "Super Bowl" has been published in the *Official Gazette* of the U.S. Patent Office, and it also has been registered in Mexico by professional football. Should Juan wish to come to New Orleans, we would be pleased to have him attend the Muy Gran Juego.

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